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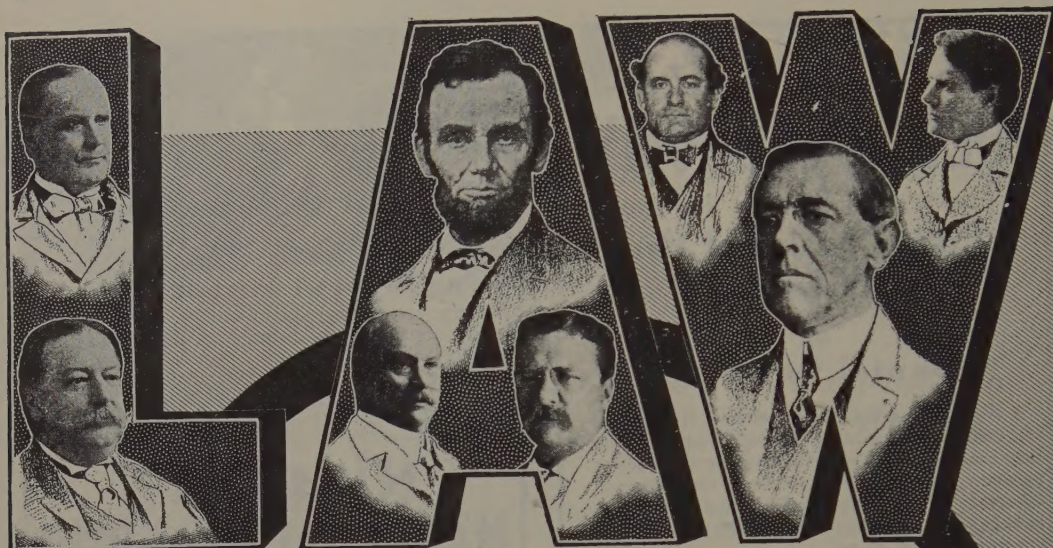
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HE WON A WOODEN CROSS—BELGIANS BURYING THEIR DEAD.



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LINED UP TO BE SHOT—EIGHT BELGIAN PEASANTS WERE COURT-MARTIALED AND SHOT BY THE GERMANS.

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VOL. XV

DECEMBER, 1914

No. 6

The War and Its Effects

BY ANTON PANNEKOEK

THE war has already lasted two months and it is still undecided. What it has brought is a frightful destruction of human life and human happiness, not only for the soldiers, but also for the civil population; not only of property and food supplies, but also of architectural monuments and works of art impossible to replace. Belgium had been for many centuries the battlefield of Europe, but in spite of that fact the old cities, the wonderful churches, the treasures of art left by the Middle Ages, were still preserved when the first flourishing and powerful profit-making class arose there, for the armies were small and their means of destruction were limited. That cities and villages have now been laid in ashes, that hundreds of thousands of peaceable city folks and peasants, robbed of all they possessed, have fled in terror as before the Huns, is not due to any special German barbarity (in East Prussia the Russians were still worse), but is an effect of the awful development of modern war machinery, not only in the lifeless material of war, but also in the living. A modern imperialistic war requires and at the same time arouses deep feelings of hatred for the enemy and of national consciousness among people of their own country, but by the laws of war only soldiers in uniform are allowed to fight, and when these feelings are translated into hostile acts without the uniform, they are punished without mercy as crimes. This is the explanation of the atrocities which this war is bringing forth on a more gigantic scale than previous wars; everything has become more colossal,

the armies, the cannons and, at the same time, the terrors of war. Many hundreds of thousands already have fallen. But the end is not yet in sight.

At first the German army rolled in August like an enormous war machine across Belgium into France and crushed everything with its irresistible impact. The most modern forts were unable to stop it, but were reduced to ruins in a few days by new monster mortars. The comparison with a machine is, indeed, a fitting one; the Germans carried on the war like a great industrial operation; all the war material of the highest efficiency, everything completely arranged for in advance, and—what also gives German industry its strength—regulated down to the smallest details by a splendid organization. Paris already seemed lost; then the onward march came to a halt on September 8; the German troops were driven back over the Marne as far as the Aisne by the French army, reinforced by an English auxiliary corps; and there, along a line of 300 kilometers from the Somme to the Vosges mountains, the armies have stood facing each other since the middle of September, deeply and strongly intrenched, pushing and pressing against each other in continual fighting with heavy losses, without gaining ground. Meanwhile the Russian armies advanced from the east, at first into East Prussia, where they were driven back again with heavy losses by a vigorous attack of the Germans, then into Galicia, where they threw the Austrian army back behind the fortifications of Przemyśl after a struggle of several weeks. The Russian army has shown itself to be

far better than it was commonly supposed to be before. "Let us not deceive ourselves," wrote as early as August 29 the Austrian social democrat, Hugo Schulz, a man well informed on military affairs, who served in the Galician campaign, "victory over the millions-strong Russian army will be hard to win, much harder than over the French." The Austrian army showed itself incapable of holding back the Russians long enough till the enemy in France could be overcome; now the Germans are compelled to send a strong force against the Russians. It will depend on the struggle now beginning in Poland, whether the Germans will be able to throw themselves again with forces superior in numbers against the French positions, which have been reinforced in the meantime by new English troops, or whether they will be compelled to carry on a defensive warfare, in which they will not easily be subdued. And so it seems as if neither of the two sides, after a long and bloody struggle, may be able to obtain the victory, but that they may have to break off the war after making enormous sacrifices, because further fighting would exhaust even the possible victor to the last drop of blood.

As long as military operations leave the final result undecided, it is impossible to foresee the effects of the war on international relations. What is to become of Austria, of Poland, of Turkey, of Germany as a world-power, of the relations of the countries on the Pacific—nothing can as yet be said about all that. But it is already easy to see, by various effects of the war, how deeply all *domestic political conditions* in old Europe will be revolutionized. War is an enormous crisis of the social body; it compels people to show what they are in reality, and tears away all phrases and traditions that ruled men's minds; so we see conservatives appear as adepts of the revolution, and revolutionists as nationalists. It compels the ruling classes in the different countries to strain their strength to the utmost to win the victory, and so opens their eyes to the necessity of abandoning old-time traditional political institutions and passwords. Let us here consider some of these effects already visible.

II.

The war did not become a world-war until *England* joined the ranks of the

enemies of Germany. It is probable that the leaders in German policy went into the war only because they believed England would remain neutral. In this assumption, however, lies their greatest, almost incredible mistake in policy, that they could believe this, that they should allow themselves to be lulled to sleep by the friendly approaches of the last few years, instead of recognizing clearly that English imperialism could not possibly keep out of it. In the years gone by, whenever war between England and Germany was considered, nobody ever thought of anything but a naval war—that is why Germany has been building warships so feverishly for the past fifteen years. And now the naval war has not yet made its appearance; both sides are holding their fleets in reserve. Everybody looked at it in this way: that Germany was unquestionably superior on land, and that England could not think of disputing her supremacy, but that England was unconditional mistress of the seas. The care with which England holds back her fleet, however, shows in itself that she is afraid of surprises that the progress of modern science in destructive agencies might offer.

So while there has been no real war on the sea worth considering, we see *the English army take the initiative against Germany on the continent*. This is a fact of great historical significance. The rulers of England consider it necessary for them to have England's world-power defended on the continent by the English army, as they did against Napoleon. What is more, if the assertion is well founded that the help of the small English army was the decisive factor in bringing the German army to a stop and driving it back, then it appears that an English army can play an important part here as well as the others; and the number of the English troops, even if beneath comparison with the gigantic armies of Germany, grows continually in Belgium and northern France. And it is no longer unthinkable, what no one could have expected before, that German imperialism in its march of conquest may yet batter its head off on land against the British land army as a quite necessary addition to the French forces.

This experience, however, carries with it important consequences for the home policies of England. If English capital feels the necessity and the possibility of defend-

ing on land English dominion in the world, it will have to *take measures to build up a large efficient army* unless it wishes to remain absolutely dependent on France and Russia. The system of enlisting volunteer recruits might do well enough for the needs of a colonial army, but under that system the English army will not stand comparison at all with the millions-strong continental armies, which are based on *compulsory military service*. While the English capitalist class uses hired proletarians to fight its battles, at the same time making itself comfortable at home, the German capitalists stand with the rank and file on the frontiers, risk their lives full of enthusiasm for the "fatherland," that is, for the dominance of German capital, and so carry with them the entire population. In these terrible wars, with life and death in the balance, money can not take the place of the personal sacrifice. When once the English government and the English capitalist class see this clearly, they will have to resort to some form of compulsory military service; they will have to introduce *militarism* as the price of maintaining their position in the world. The "territorials" already constitute a sort of transition stage, and the present war will easily bring the beginning of military enthusiasm which is necessary for such a revolution in policy. No doubt this radical change will encounter great opposition, and will not come all at once, either; but the tendency of development is plainly to be seen.

With the adoption of a military system based on compulsory personal service, one of the pillars of old-time "free" England falls to the ground. What gave Englishmen a privileged position above the citizens of other countries, who were compelled to take their places in the army and do the bidding of those placed in command, was precisely this inviolable personal liberty; that gave them the feeling of being a sort of people apart, a lordly race of free Britons. When that all comes to an end, the most important part of the old liberal institutions will be gone. The opposition of radical and middle-class traditions was not able to hinder the progress of the imperialistic policy. How they did often struggle against the alliance with the "Blood Czar!" But what meaning have their sentimental arguments when confronted with the fact that without the Russian army German im-

perialism can not be intimidated and kept on the defensive? In the face of the necessities of modern imperialism, as it has now grown to be, with its robber-like, violent methods, the opposition of the frightened middle class, seeing its peaceful old world sinking away before its eyes, is powerless. Against imperialism nothing but a new power can struggle, the power of a *socialist proletariat* that refuses to go back to the quiet of petty capitalism, but will march onward to the social revolution.

And this power will come. The working people of England will be driven by the new developments in home politics to a more intense political class struggle. So far they have held to a middle-class, liberal policy in parliament. If the heavy personal burden of compulsory military service is placed upon them along with the growing burden of taxation to defend the world-dominion of English capital, then their political opposition will take on a more intense, more revolutionary character. The free, liberal institutions of England have so far kept down class-conscious feeling among the working people; when those institutions are done away with, class consciousness will grow strong. *If the English capitalist class takes up with militarism, then the English working class will take up with socialism.* In this way the war now going on will be the beginning of a complete revolution in the domestic politics of England; the backwardness of socialism and the class struggle in England will disappear in the same degree as the English capitalist class is driven to defend its world-power more intensely.

III.

For *Russia* this war means admission to the rank of the modern capitalistic great powers of Europe.

In the nineteenth century Russia was the unassailable colossus against which the waves of the French Revolution broke without effect, and which also remained unshaken in the stormy times of 1848. That was because Russia, in its inner organization, was an Asiatic despotism; the absolute power of the czar was built up on the village communism of the peasants, which had existed unchangeable for centuries. Then in the second half of the nineteenth century, when capitalism made its appearance, it showed itself at first only in the

form of manifestations of social dissolution and degeneration. Village communism slowly and quietly went to pieces, the peasants suffered from starvation, some of them as ragged beggars went to work in the new factories; corruption, incompetence, thievery, grew up in the government into an unbearable system that finally came down with a terrible crash in the Russo-Japanese war. Who has not read the accounts Vereshchagin has given of what he saw in this war—how in Kharbin the trains of soldiers could not run out to the battlefield, because the governor, Alexeieff, had occupied all the sidetracks with his luxurious private train kept continually under full steam, so that he could make his escape at any moment, and how generals squandered with their mistresses the funds collected by the Red Cross, while the wounded soldiers lay groaning for lack of attention! The revolution of 1905 destroyed the old Russia of absolutism; it allowed the working people to come forth as a revolutionary class; it created the Duma, in which the class struggle between the capitalists, the nobility and the peasantry could run its course, and started a thoroughgoing revolution in agrarian conditions. While the surviving revolutionary fighters were being martyred and murdered in such a pitiless, bestial way under the counter-revolution that a cry of indignation went up from all Europe, the capitalist class settled down to making profits, and the peasants were quieted by Stolypin's agrarian reforms of 1906, which made the peasants personal owners of their land and did away with the last traces of the former village communism. And so the way was opened in Russia for a capitalistic development in the same form as in western Europe.

The military power of Russia was completely broken in the Japanese war and the revolution. For years the government was unable to cut any figure in European politics; it had to stand by powerless and see affairs settled in the Balkans and the battles fought without its intervention. When it stirred up Serbia to resist Austria some years ago, it was compelled to desist as soon as Germany threatened war. But gradually as stable conditions came to prevail in the country, the army also was made better again. It was known, of course, that it was no longer such an entirely negligible factor as it was seven years ago, but the

strength it has so far shown in the present war has really been a surprise to everybody. Not only the war material but also the quality of the officers and soldiers is much better than formerly. It is a new Russia we have before us—no longer the Asiatic fatalistic indifference of "nitshevo," but the beginning of a capitalistic Russia.

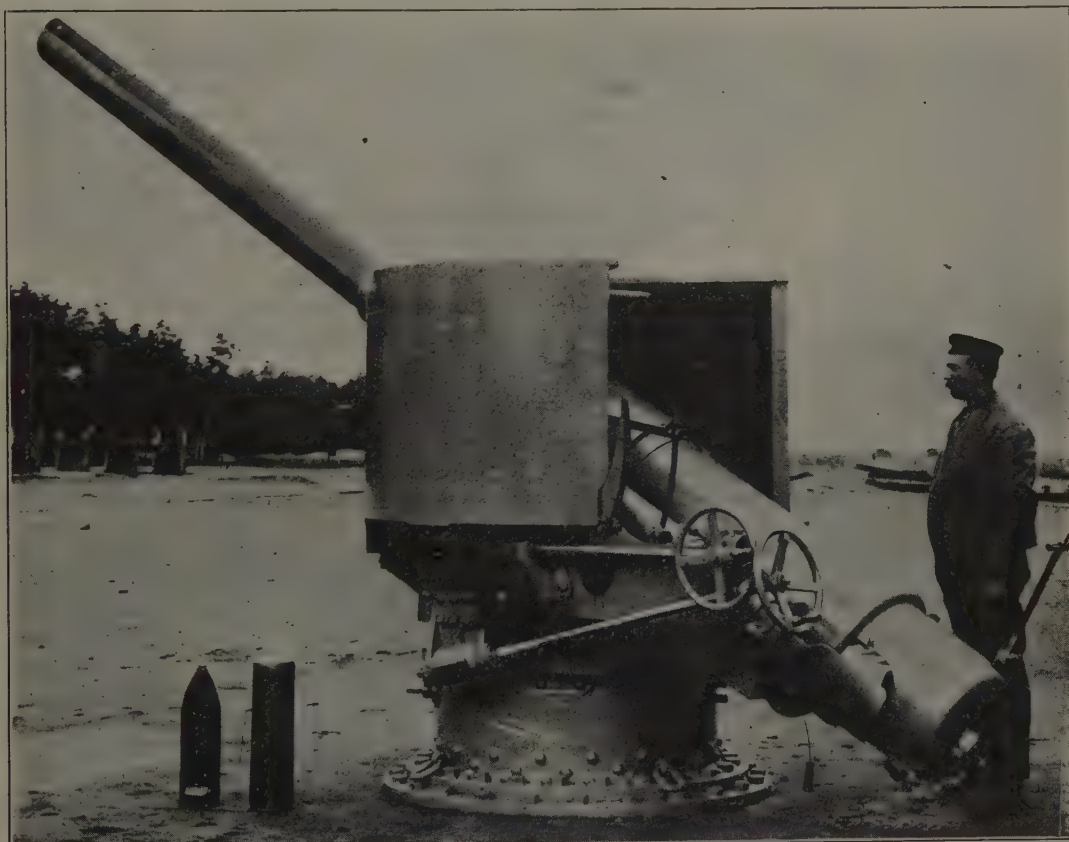
There is another phenomenon to consider in this connection: A genuine *Russian nationalism* now appears for the first time. Formerly one special Russian popular character or one Russian peculiarity was often singled out and glorified by authors of the nineteenth century; that was the unusual character of the communistic peasants. Then when the revolutionary epoch came, it was "liberty" which was revered and longed for, and the grafting tshinovniks with the czar at their head were objects of scorn and hatred. At present a modern nationalism is appearing among the upper class and the intellectuals, an enthusiasm for the government unit that has to fight against other nations; the czar as the head of this government is now honored by the same classes which once cursed him as the chief of the black hundreds. It is precisely the same thing as happened before in Prussia, when the same prince who was detested after 1848 as the "grapeshot prince" was acclaimed in 1870 as the "hero emperor." Several weeks ago an interview with the revolutionary Burtseff was published in the newspapers, made public by revelation of a member of the secret police, Atseff; he spoke like a genuine nationalist about the unified Russia that is fighting for its holy cause under the leadership of the czar against German military barbarism, and that will come out of the struggle a free, democratic people! The illusion and self-deception in the idea that the Russian people will be given democratic liberties as a reward for allowing itself to be slaughtered for the ruling class, is evidence of the lack of insight of this variety of revolutionists; such expressions of opinion are, however, worthy of consideration as symptoms of the change in feeling that has come over the minds of the opposition. Of course, the attitude of the social democratic workingmen will not be affected by this; they have set their faces against the war, and now, as before, they stand in a most intense struggle against the government oppressing them by force.

Even if the methods of the government are still barbarous and backward in Russia, as they were in Germany after the war of 1870, even if the country is still principally agricultural (six-sevenths of it) and the wageworkers have to fight hard for their rights, still we can say: Russia has finally *stepped out of the rank of an Asiatic despotism*; it has also passed through the transition stage, and has now *become one of the ordinary capitalistic great powers of Europe*. And as such it is only in the beginning of its development, and with its large population and rich natural resources still has a great future before it.

IV.

In Germany, too, the war will have a profound influence on home politics. The development of political conditions in Germany is determined entirely by the sharp contrast between the ruling class and the

working class. For fear of proletarian uprisings the German capitalist class has come to rely more and more on the protection of the landed nobility and the military powers, who built up the German Empire by war and by force. They supported the violent and brutal methods of suppression used by the government against the working people, the enemies of their class. On the other hand, the working people, who intensified the traditions of the old middle-class democracy with their class consciousness, were stirred up to strenuous resistance. In this way mutual estrangement and hatred grew exceedingly strong. Everything that was called social democratic was persecuted from above as anti-patriotic and subversive, was proscribed and put under the ban as inferior, and hindered in its free development by petty, exasperating police interference. So there grew up in Germany *two entirely separate*



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worlds, complete strangers to each other, the official world of the capitalist class and the workingmen's world. The working people built up their own organization, which, so to say, formed a separate state within the great state, with their own system of self-government and well-filled treasuries, their own press, their own literature, their own world of thought adopted from the revolutionary science of Karl Marx. As they grew in strength, the fear of the capitalist class increased, and the rigor of repressive measures increased correspondingly. It is true, there were voices raised in opposition to this line of development. The reformers tried to turn the working class aside from the class struggle, and to unite them with the left wing of the capitalist class to fight together against the reactionary element; that they did not succeed in this was mostly due to the lack of courage and strength displayed by these liberals of the left. Among the liberals attention was often called to the fact that the English method of humoring the workers with small concessions and friendly treatment was far more effective against the threatening revolution than forcible measures of repression. But they lacked the strength to make their method prevail.

Then the war came. The reasons why all at once the social democracy went over to the side of the government, and the workingmen fought for German imperialism, were given in *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* for October. The first result of this attitude was the abolition of the government regulations and decrees which made the social democracy a party with less legal rights than other parties; social democratic writings may now be circulated even in the army, though, of course—precaution is never out of place—only such as are published from now on and do not interfere with the magnificent unity of the people, that is to say, those that do not preach the class struggle. No doubt the equality of rights now prevailing in the treatment of social democrats is not simply a reward for their patriotic conduct, but above all else a matter of necessity—to avoid everything in this serious struggle that might arouse discord. And when the war is over, the old spirit of brutality and repression is sure to wake up again. But never again can things be quite the same as they were before. After workingmen

and members of the capitalist class have fought shoulder to shoulder as comrades in the field, and have passed through the same privations, they can no longer form two worlds entirely unknown to each other. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen have now seen the capitalists from their best side, as soldiers in a common cause, to which they sacrifice their individual interests; so many a weighty old catchword has lost its force. What real class consciousness, what real insight into class distinctions there was on both sides as a result of exploitation still exists, and will become still more intense as the contrast widens. But what was only instinctive hatred and apparent ill will, a consequence of the additional repressive activity of the police, much of that will disappear. Of course, it is not likely that the working people will be given new rights of any consequence—new rights are only promised before the struggle or gained in the struggle, not given as a reward after the struggle is over—unless Germany faces some terrible menace. But the methods of the government in Germany no doubt will change, becoming milder, less stupidly brutal; the sharp separation of the classes in public and political life no doubt will disappear; perhaps steps may also be taken to open the way to freer political institutions, on which the strong opposition of the proletariat will be easier broken than by former methods. But even if the class struggle afterwards becomes more intense and purified under the new development of affairs, still the war will change the forms and conditions of domestic politics in Germany *in the direction of the conditions in England*.

English authors have been blathering about England being called upon to give this country back its freedom by overthrowing German militarism. It is necessary to be in full possession of the ignorance that prevails in England regarding German affairs, as well as in Germany regarding English affairs, to believe that the German system of government is a foreign body in Germany, an outside force which is borne with against their will by the sturdy descendants of Goethe and Schiller. On the contrary it has its foundation deep in the development of capitalism, and no foreign power needs to come to the rescue, any more than a German victory should have as its object freeing the Russians from czar-

ism. Such statements are signs of a benighted nationalism which exalts the home country and picks it out as the salvation of the rest of the world. Mr. Wells, who speaks of the necessity of destroying "Prussian militarism," will open his eyes when he sees this militarism he hates as "Prussian" gain a foothold in his own dear old England. For that is what appears, from an investigation of the forces at work, to be the result of the war as affecting domestic political conditions: *a noteworthy equalization of the three great world-empires* which have been drawn into this conflict. The great dissimilarity which they showed

because of their different historical development, gives place to the identity of their imperialistic necessities. Their close association in the war compels them to adapt themselves to each other, so that none of them may be inferior to the others. The tendency of these readjustments can be briefly stated in this way: *England becomes more German, Germany becomes more English, Russia becomes more European* than it was before.

For the proletariat the struggle will in this way take on a much more uniform and consequently a much more determined character in all countries.

(Translated by Alfred D. Schoch) October 14, 1914.

A BREATH OF LIFE

By CLEMENT WOOD

Yes, he'll enlist—he'll leap at the chance!
If you think eleven servile hours a day, six days a week,
A slatternly wife, a tableful of children all mouths,
A sodden Sunday, and then the long round again,
Can bind him to sanity and peace,
You do not know your brother—
You do not know yourself!

Better the close-locked marching feet,
The music like great laughter, the rough comradeships—
War is a picnic, a vast game of chance;
You may win—or earn a quick and bursting death,
Cancelling all these unpaid duty-debts at home.

Then—on to the picnic!
Out of the foul-aired routine!
A breadth of life, tho death be the price!

—From the Masses.



PATRIOTIC DOGS—THEY ARE USED EXTENSIVELY BY THE BELGIAN ARMY.

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WAR WIPES OUT THE COLOR LINE—SUDANESE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE BEEN CIVILIZED AND WILL AID THE ALLIES.

Should the Warriors Get Wise

By A Paint Creek Miner

Well, masters, we at length are here from your red shambles, hurled
Back to the hells we left behind, with blood-drenched banners furled
Our flags are all one color now, throughout the war-black world!

It made us one in mind and will—your greed-begotten strife;
It taught us how to scorn the cost—to battle to the knife—
So we who bled and died for nought are fighting NOW for LIFE.

No boundaries keep us apart of race or land or sea,
We've learned to never fight your wars, but fight YOU, to be free,
The world with all its unborn wealth our prize of victory.

Too long we drudged like driven beasts beneath your blighting sway;
Too long we faced our fellow slaves to mangle, wound and slay—
OUR war is on and YOURS was but the prelude to the play.

Too long you gouged us one by one and gloried in our fall,
In every land where we rebelled you crushed us to the wall
Until we learned the hurt of one is injury to all.

And all together now we stand, we world creators meet,
And all your treasured codes and laws we trample with our feet;
Not all your captains, kings and priests can save you from defeat!

You boasted from your buttressed walls "I am because I am!"
You flashed the scrawls that made you great—your printed paper sham,
Take one long loving look at them; they are not worth a damn!

WE made the mills, WE dug the mines, WE laid the shining rails,
We filled your golden coffers full, we spread your Argo sails—
But now we sweep you from the earth with force that never fails.

For it is ours and ONLY ours, this earth you claim to own;
OURS are the hands that dug and reaped those riches, heaven thrown—
Our hands are all the proof we need that it is ours ALONE!

The torpid ages travailed long while systems died and grew,
Until the final tocsin came to sound defeat for you,
You are the Past, the Dead, the Dust; we Heralds of the NEW!

We are the Herators of Time—not outcasts of despair,
We blazon forth a gleaming world, the Future, calm and fair—
We have starved through your dismal night to feast in plenty there!

The war is on—a howling storm—against your fastness hurled!
Our forces eager for the fray, our crimson flags unfurled!
We, who have slaved and slept and bled shall soon possess the world!

How to Make Work for the Unemployed

BY JOE HILL

MUCH has been written lately about various new ways and tactics of carrying on the class struggle to emancipate the workers from wage slavery.

Some writers propose to "organize with the unemployed"; that is, to feed and house them in order to keep them from taking the jobs away from the employed workers. Others again want to organize a Gunmen Defense Fund to purchase machine guns and high powered rifles for all union men, miners especially, that they may protect themselves from the murderous onslaughts of the private armies of the master class. Very well; these tactics MAY be perfectly good, but the question arises: Who is going to pay for all this?

Estimating the unemployed army to be about five millions in number and the board bill of one individual to be five dollars a week, we find that the total board bill of the whole unemployed army would be twenty-five million dollars per week.

The price of a machine gun is about \$600 and a modern high-power rifle costs from \$20 to \$30. By doing a little figuring we find that fifty million dollars would not be sufficient to buy arms for the *miners*, let alone the rest of the organized workers. Every workingman and woman knows that, after all the bills are paid on pay day, there is not much left to feed the unemployed army or to buy war supplies with.

What the working class needs today is an inexpensive method by which to fight the powerful capitalist class and they have just such a weapon in their own hands.

This weapon is *without expense* to the *working class* and if intelligently and systematically used, it *will* not only *reduce* the *profits* of the *exploiters*, but also *create more work for the wage earners*. If thoroughly understood and used more extensively it may entirely eliminate the unemployed army, the army used by the employing class to keep the workers in submission and slavery.

In order to illustrate the efficacy of this new method of warfare, I will cite a little incident. Some time ago the writer was working in a big lumber yard on the west

coast. On the coast nearly all the work around the water fronts and lumber yards is temporary.

When a boat comes in a large number of men are hired and when the boat is unloaded these men are "laid off." Consequently it is to the interest of the workers "to make the job last" as long as possible.

The writer and three others got orders to load up five box cars with shingles. When we commenced the work we found, to our surprise, that every shingle bundle had been cut open. That is, the little strip of sheet iron that holds the shingles tightly together in a bundle, had been cut with a knife or a pair of shears, on every bundle in the pile—about three thousand bundles in all.

When the boss came around we notified him about the accident and, after exhausting his supply of profanity, he ordered us to get the shingle press and re-bundle the whole batch. It took the four of us ten whole days to put that shingle pile into shape again. And our wages for that time, at the rate of 32c per hour, amounted to \$134.00. By adding the loss on account of delay in shipment, the "holding money" for the five box cars, etc., we found that the company's profit for that day had been reduced about \$300.

So there you are. In less than half an hour time somebody had created ten days' work for four men who would have been otherwise unemployed, and at the same time cut a big chunk off the boss's profit. No lives were lost, no property was destroyed, there were no law suits, nothing that would drain the resources of the organized workers. But there WERE results. That's all.

This same method of fighting can be used in a thousand different ways by the skilled mechanic or machine hand as well as by the common laborer. This weapon is always at the finger tips of the worker, employed or unemployed.

If every worker would devote ten or fifteen minutes every day to the interests of himself and his class, after devoting eight hours or more to the interests of his employer, it would not be long before the unemployed army would be a thing of the

past and the profit of the bosses would melt away so fast that he would not be able to afford to hire professional man-killers to murder the workers and their families in a case of strike.

The best way to strike, however, is to "strike on the job." First present your demands to the boss. If he should refuse to grant them, don't walk out and give the scabs a chance to take your places. No, just go back to work as though nothing had happened and try the new method of warfare.

When things begin to happen be careful not to "fix the blame" on any certain individual unless that individual is an "undesirable" from a working class point of view.

The boss will soon find that the cheapest way out of it is to grant your demands. This is not mere theory; it has been successfully tried more than once to the writer's personal knowledge.

Striking on the job is a science and should be taught as such. It is extremely interesting on account of its many possibilities. It develops mental keenness and inventive genius in the working class and is the only known antidote for the infamous "Taylor System."

The aim of the "Taylor System" seems to be to work one-half the workers to death and starve the other half to death. The strike on the job will give every worker a chance to make an honest living. It will enable us to take the child slaves out of the mill and sweat-shop and give their unemployed fathers a chance to work. It will stop the butchering of the workers in time of peace as well as in time of war.

If you imagine "Making Work for the Unemployed" is unfair, just remember Ludlow and Calumet and don't forget Sacramento where the men who were unable to get work had their brains beaten out by the Hessians of the law and were knocked down and drenched to the skin with streams of ice-cold water manipulated by the city fire department, where the unemployed were driven out of the city and in the rain only to meet the pitchforks of the farmers. And what for? For the horrible crime of asking the governor of California—for A JOB!

This is the way the capitalist class uses the working class when they can no longer exploit them—in the name of Law and Order. Remember this when you MAKE WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED!

NO SCABBING FOR OURS

I AM surprised that the editors of the REVIEW asked one of the empty-pocket brigade to write on the Unemployed. I thought such things were usually done by the college professors and the preachers to say nothing of other folks who never lined up to a soup kitchen in their lives.

I am not much of a writer but I know quite a bunch of fellows who are out of work and they have decided that they will not work at cut prices this winter no matter what happens. One of these men applied to the addressing companies last year and he says that the unemployed addressed thousands of envelopes there for the Chicago Bureau of Associated Charities at less than 50 cents a thousand.

The regular rate is \$1.25, so you can see how the Associated Charities CUTS wages so that the unemployed cannot make enough to live on. And how they thus make

MORE JOBS FOR THE CHARITY WORKERS.

None of us propose to scab this year. We have learned our lesson and if we can't get the regular union scale, we will get along without working. This is what the boys did last year in New York City. When the authorities offered them work at lower pay than the union scale, the boys refused to get busy and in this way they helped to maintain wages for every man on the job.

We have decided NOT to SCAB and we have also decided to eat as regularly as possible and to sleep under a roof every night if we can. If we can't do it one way, we can another. From a working class point of view it is dishonorable to scab; it is not dishonorable to go to jail. I think all the unemployed can help out in the "hard times" by refusing to scab.

THE RED FLAG IN THE AUBURN PRISON

BY BENJ. J. LEGERE



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

1,400 CONVICTS AT DINNER. PICK OUT THE CAPITALISTS.

“SAY, here’s a ‘kite’ for you. Don’t let the ‘screw’ catch you reading it.” The stolid gray-clad convict, who worked on the machine next to me whispered as he brushed by me with an armful of brooms, dropping a bit of paper, tied ’round with string, among the broom corn on the bench beside me.

I had been in the Auburn Prison broom shop but a week, yet the caution which comes from the crushing discipline of the

place, caused me to glance furtively about the room and up at the “screw” sitting on his platform at the other side of the shop, before I picked up the bit of paper.

As I held it in my hand awaiting an opportunity to open it I wondered who among the fourteen hundred inmates of that purgatory could possibly be sending a note to me. When I did get a chance to spread the bit of paper out behind the pile of broom corn I was working on, I read the follow-

ing message: "Dear Comrade, we have been trying ever since you came in to locate you. We heard that you had been assigned to work in the kitchen, but have found that you were transferred from there. That shop you are in is the hardest one in the prison for us to get a note into, but if the fellow who brings you this is 'square,' this channel is O. K. Send your answer to this back by him and tell me if he is all right and then I will tell you who we are and how we got here. Yours for the revolution, B."

This was the first intimation I received that there were any within the prison walls beside Bocchini and I that talked in the terminology of the revolution. It is impossible to describe the thrill that it gave me. Even then, so subtly has the system of stool-pigeonry, by which the prison is run, developed an atmosphere of suspicion that I wondered long whether it was not a "plant" laid to give them an excuse to introduce me to the punishment cells.

Talking, circulating a note, or communicating with another prisoner in any way was a serious breach of discipline and was usually punished by a few days in the dungeon on bread and water and a fine and loss of "good time," that is, time allowed for good behavior.

I took the chance, of course, and answered the "kite" and in reply received an introduction to three other labor prisoners, Steel Trust victims, sent from the ranks of the Lake Seamen in the strike of 1910. When I read their story of the case I remembered then having read the facts before in *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* at the time of their trial.

I found in these seamen, prisoners of the class war like myself, comrades of the revolutionary working class movement. They had all become Socialists during their long wait in the Buffalo County Jail before the Steel Trust's judicial hirelings aided by their Burn's detectives, sent them to their long exile in Auburn.

One of them has been released by death, the victim of an explosion in the boiler room where he was working, two are out on parole, but "Bob" Cochrane, strong, brave soul and true-hearted rebel, remains behind in Auburn bearing manfully the burden of nine and one-half years thrust upon him by the venom of the capitalist court.

No one, who has not experienced prison, can quite realize the difficulties that stand in the way of the propaganda of radical ideas within the walls. The prison system is designed for repression. Not only of radical ideas, but of every normal healthy human instinct. A system of rigid discipline is fastened about the prisoner like a weight constantly crushing him down. It is enforced with inhuman punishments and maintained by an extensive system of espionage through stool-pigeons who sell themselves for petty favors.

Gradually these conditions are wearing away before the steady pouring of the waters of progress upon the rocks of the prison system, but when I went into Auburn it was undoubtedly still one of the very worst bastilles in the country. The "silence system" was rigidly enforced and the "jail" or dungeon was always full of those who, unable to repress that strongest of human inclinations to talk, were so unlucky as to be caught by the "screw."

Literature, of course, was about the only medium by which Socialist philosophy could be disseminated in the prison and "Bob" Cochrane and his comrades had kept the half dozen books of Socialism and science that they were permitted to have in circulation among those they were able to reach who could appreciate the worth of them. The prison chaplain who is a censor of books sent in to the convicts had suppressed several Socialist books sent to my seamen comrades before I came to Auburn. During the year I was there the only book I know of that was kept out was Berkman's "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist." Since the release of Bocchini and myself, the prison authorities have instituted an absolute suppression of ALL Socialist and industrial union literature.

When I was placed as a teacher in the prison school, two months after my term began, the propaganda of Socialism began in real earnest in Auburn. This position lifted me out of the narrow ruts of the discipline, giving me such exceptional freedom to talk and spread literature among the prisoners that in six months it not only became necessary to put me back in the broom shop but the Socialists in the prison had become such a thorn in the side of Thomas Mott Osborne, the prison reformer, who was pretending to want a spirit of democracy developed among the men that he



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

THE KNITTING SHOP.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

THE PRISON BAKE SHOP.

went to the governor of New York for a pardon for me in an effort to get me out of the prison.

In six months we had made the prison school a center of revolutionary Socialist and industrial union propaganda. I found it easy to interest the prisoners in Socialism. In fact, most of the prisoners there for crimes against property are men who, driven to rebel against the rigors of capitalist exploitation in industry, having a capitalist psychology and philosophy of life, naturally turn to burglary. A little study reveals quite clearly that the burglar who operates against the working class from an office in Wall street with shares of stock for tools and weapons has the same psychology as the hold-up man, the porch climber or the pickpocket except that he uses a more effective, intelligent and safer method. He first takes the precaution of getting the LAW on his side then burgles with impunity.

So I found that an explanation of their experiences and failure to outdo the capitalist at the burglary game always appealed to the more intelligent among the prisoners and many of them came to have the new understanding of life, which the philosophy of Socialism gives.

And some proved to be enthusiastic propagandists with rare characteristics of spirit and devotion to the cause.

There is now in Auburn a group of perhaps a dozen class-conscious Socialists with a circle of sympathizers that will number perhaps two hundred. During most of the year I was there the little library of Socialist and industrial union literature, nearly one hundred volumes, sent me by thoughtful comrades throughout the country, was kept in constant circulation. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, *Solidarity*, *The New Review*, *The Masses*, *Traubel's Conservator*, and several Socialist weeklies came regularly into the prison bringing their message of hope to the dead who will rise some day and rejoin the ranks of the working class outside the walls.

Since my release all this has been stopped. It seemed as though the prison authorities were only waiting until I was safely outside the walls to crush completely the movement they had tried in a hundred insidious ways to circumvent while I was inside. And this suppression of all Socialist literature and of every effort of the prisoners to learn

something of the Socialist philosophy is especially interesting in view of the fact that it comes under a prison reform administration and in a prison where Thomas Mott Osborne, millionaire reformer, single taxer and professed humanitarian is personally conducting an experiment in prison reform.

Osborne is Auburn's big capitalist and Auburn Prison is his plaything. The warden is a figurehead whom he had appointed and for nearly a year Osborne has been personally conducting affairs at the prison. He began his campaign by having himself committed for a week and living the same routine of life as the other prisoners. This was to popularize himself with the men and ever since he has consistently played to have them look upon him as a sort of Messiah come to deliver them from bondage. He founded an organization within the prison called the Mutual Welfare League, which announced for its purpose the establishment of self-government among the prisoners as a substitute for the barbarous prison discipline. The Socialists among the men took the reformers at their word and insisted upon democracy and self-government within the M. W. L. with the result that Mr. Osborne began a retreat from his radical position, revealed himself as a faker, and developed a Tammany machine within the prisoners' league to prevent the Socialists from realizing its professed aim of mutual welfare through self-government.

The open fight between the Socialists in the prison and the prison reformers began at the first general meeting of the fourteen hundred prisoners in the prison chapel in February when for the first time in the history of Auburn the men were allowed to talk to each other. Osborne officiated as chairman and free speech was the order of the day. I sounded the keynote of the Socialist attitude toward the reformers with a revolutionary speech against the prison system in which I demanded that if the reformers were sincere they should begin by abolishing the absurd and inhuman prison regulations which punished the men for every expression of a natural and normal impulse. It was shortly after that that I was removed from the prison school and that Osborne went to the governor, in an effort to have me pardoned out.

His attitude toward me has always been one of friendly sympathy but from the day

of that speech until my release a number of acts of petty persecution which he had knowledge of and, in some instances, instigated, revealed his hypocrisy.

So popular had become the propaganda of the Socialists and our efforts for democracy in the prisoners league that in April at a general meeting of the league in the chapel, Osborne's machine had to resort to steam-roller tactics to prevent my being elected chairman when nominated against him for the office.

But the climax came when Osborne had the executive committee of the league which he quite controlled, draw up resolutions condemning the "so-called socialistic propaganda" in the Mutual Welfare League and providing for the expulsion from the league of anyone found wearing red ribbon in the prison. A few of us had found some bits of red ribbon and pinned them on our shirts while one comrade had tried to buy a couple of yards of it through the office, where such things may be purchased. This campaign against the red ribbon and a campaign to inspire patriotism in the prisoners we succeeded in turning into added propaganda for the cause by heaping ridicule upon it.

A plot to transfer me to another prison was frustrated by a threat to arouse a protest from our friends outside.

Apparently the only reason there was no interference with the literature sent to me was also a fear of such a protest. However, in March the Warden had stopped the *Masses* from coming into the prison and at the same time had put the *Appeal to Reason* and *The Menace* on the index.

A comrade who tried to order \$15 worth of Socialist books from the Charles H. Kerr Co. was refused that privilege although no attempt was ever made to prevent me from buying and receiving any books I wanted. Needless to say the comrade received the

books he wanted though the authorities did not know it. Other comrades were refused permission to subscribe to "*Solidarity*" but it was allowed to come to me every week.

Soon after my release, however, the edict went forth that all Socialist and radical literature be suppressed and since then the little band of comrades within have been denied the consolation of reading the literature of our movement. And the conditions within the prison are becoming worse. After nearly a year in which the discipline in the prison has largely been enforced through the M. W. L., controlled and conducted by Mr. Osborne there is little change in the general conditions. The "silence system" has been broken down, recreation in the yard for about an hour each day has been enjoyed, the severity of punishments in the "jail" has been lightened and a few other small advantages gained; but the "jail" is still used although the prison reformers announced in the public press a year ago that it had been abolished and the supposedly "democratic" M. W. L. of the prisoners themselves has devised new methods of punishment more vicious in many instances than those of the old system.

But the sentiment for Socialism grows among the prisoners and the old red flag of labor is kept aloft in Auburn by the little band who are undaunted in the face of all the petty persecution and repression that the advocacy of the Socialist message of hope to the workers meets within prison walls.

There is a wealth of fine material for the revolution passing through our jails and prisons. It is imperative that we on the outside should find an effective means to reach it and more important still to protect our comrades within against the discrimination and persecution that their devotion entails.





HOP PICKERS CAMP ON DURST

FOR LIFE

By GRACE FORD

WHEN this is printed legal proceedings in the cases of my husband, Richard Ford, and Herman D. Suhr will be ended. In all likelihood two families will be widowed by the condemnation of these two men to life imprisonment. Ford and Suhr will each leave a wife and two helpless children to battle with the world. Their crime is that they strove to organize ranch workers.

Look at the picture, first published in October, 1913, in the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* of the hop-pickers' camp and the camp shown now. Note the clean tents, the military precision, the cleanliness, the bath houses and other sanitary conveniences of 1914 and the higgledy-piggledy on the Durst ranch in 1913. For bringing about this improvement my husband and Fellow Worker Suhr must spend their lives in the penitentiary. Look at these pictures and contrast them. Consider with yourselves if the working class can afford to abandon these two men?

Neither my husband nor Herman D. Suhr was convicted of having a gun in his possession or of any act of violence in connection with the charge of drunken,

armed deputies to break up a strike against the vile conditions which prevailed on all ranches of California in 1913. These two men, mainly, brought about the wonderful improvements on these ranches shown in these two pictures.

I might relate here that when I decided to write this article for the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* application was made to the California Commission on Immigration and Housing for the use of the official pictures taken by that body. After long dallying this request was refused. Refused, I must assume, because this commission feared this contrast of the pictures, while Ford and Suhr remain in prison and the commission, through their friends and a friendly press, are taking the credit for work done by Richard Ford and Herman Suhr. Anyway, the application for the official pictures was refused. In like manner this same commission withheld their report upon, what they term, "the unspeakable conditions," on the California ranches until after my husband and Herman Suhr were condemned.

At the trial of Ford and Suhr refusal was also made of the privilege of having



OTHERS' RANCH IN CALIFORNIA

their case heard before an unprejudiced jury. They were tried and convicted by the very ranchers against whom they and three thousand other unfortunates were compelled to strike. I sat in the court at Marysville and heard a sleek, fat, old judge compliment this jury on their evident fairness.

Fairness! It was proved my husband never had a gun. It was proved my husband stopped excited workers from rushing through the fields and slashing down the hop vines. Although this was proved, the fair court permitted this very evidence to be put to the jury as proof that my husband was bringing about a conspiracy to murder. He saved their property from the wrath of the workers. They made it a proof that he was conspiring to murder men he never heard of; to murder a drunken band who charged into what their own sheriff pronounced a peaceful meeting, clubbed right and left and two of these drunkards began shooting. I should be ashamed of Dick Ford if he did anything else than voice the protest of his class. Condemned as he is, I can teach his children to love him. Had he been a coward I could not.

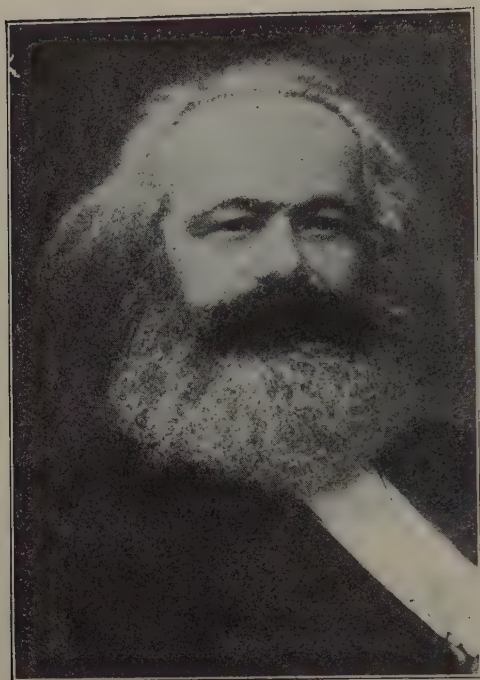
My husband is convicted of the crime of organizing workers. Why did not the same ranchers, the same deputy sheriffs club and shoot and beat the pickets who came up to Wheatland in 1914, last August and September? By their suffer-

ings and imprisonment Dick Ford and Herman Suhr established the right to organize.

In 1913, at the first unorganized strike, there was no damage done to the property of Durst Brothers or the hop barons.

On September 10, 1914, the *Sacramento Bee* published the fact that although 1914 had been the most fertile and abundant year for hop growing, the crop was 24,000 bales short. Hop bales weigh 190 pounds. One pound of hops sells for from 15 to 20 cents. There was over three-quarters of a million dollars damage. Why did not the authorities club and kill some of the men who opened a headquarters in the "Civic Club of Wheatland," and picketed those ranches so that the owners, what with the cost of gun men, searchlights, detectives and other strike expenses, came out of the contest \$1,000,000 short? Why? Because they feared that these men were prepared. Dick helped to make this organization possible. Dick is now condemned to the penitentiary for life. Will the workers let him stay there? They can only help him now by remembering him on the job.

To all mothers of the working class I appeal to keep their cause alive. You can write to the Governor of California if you wish, but my hope is that you will tell your husbands, sons and brothers, to remember Dick Ford and Hermon Suhr on the job.



KARL MARX.

THE Dietz Publishing Company in Stuttgart has just issued an edition in four large volumes containing Marx's and Engels' correspondence for forty years. It is edited by Bernstein and the late August Bebel. It includes about 1,400 letters that began in September, 1844, and ended in January, 1883, a few days before the death of Marx. We find in this correspondence a boundless source of the history of modern socialism.

Marx and Engels met for the first time in 1842. Marx was then 24 years old and Engels was two years his junior. Singularly enough their first meeting was cool and they were distant to each other, each suspecting the other. In the next two years they made great advances in their sociological studies from different points of view wherein both came to the same conclusions, viz., that all the tendencies of society were toward socialism.

In the fall of 1844 they again met in Paris, and formed that friendship for each other that was very rare and lasted their whole lives through. As is well known, they became not only the pioneers of the modern socialist labor move-

MARX'S AND YEARS' CORR

By Gu

TRANSLATED BY

ment, but two of the greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century. They became so intimate in their public works that they almost appeared as one person. It is practically impossible to separate the share that Engels had in the works that bear the name of Marx and vice versa. The newly published correspondence enables us in a higher degree to view the difference between their intellectual activity and their methods, and to appreciate the work that each did. It also shows that their cooperation was more general, and the mutual help that they gave each other of a more practical nature, than has hitherto been supposed.

The light that is here thrown on the two men's condition has more than a personal interest. And it gives successive, important statements regarding the historical development of modern socialism. It is here seen very plainly and can truly be said that without the help of Engels, Marx would have been unable to do his great lifework; and without the influence of Marx, Engels would have been unable to give his wonderful aid in the formation of Socialism in theory and practice.

Marx was a political exile living in Paris when the correspondence began and Engels lived in western Germany. Marx then had to leave Paris and went to Brussels, where Engels joined him for a time. The revolution in 1848 recalled them both to Germany, where they, in the "Neue Rheinischezeitung," which they published in Cologne, sought to create an intellectual center for the revolutionary proletarian movement. But the reaction that took place in Germany sent them both again into banishment.

They now went to England, where they lived the rest of their lives. In England

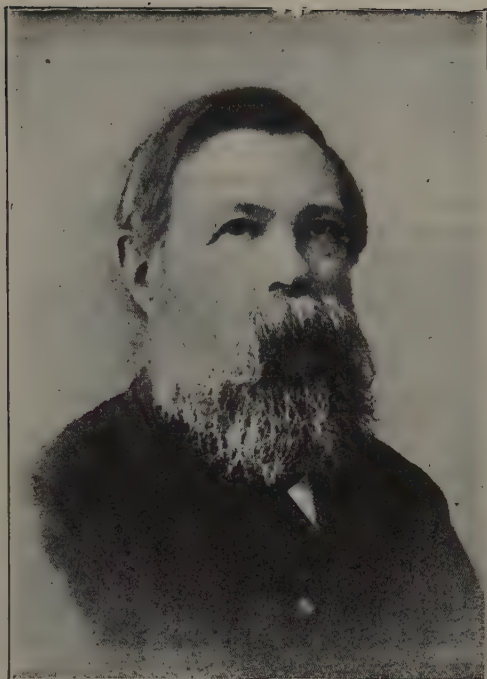
ENGELS' FORTY RESPONDENCE

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AROLINE NELSON

Marx occupied himself purely with literary work, while Engels lived in Manchester from 1850-1870, and worked in a big cotton house, first as clerk and later as a partner. In those twenty years a rich and large correspondence takes place between the two men, wherein all kinds of questions are discussed relating to science, politics, and many other things. This correspondence thus brings us right into the workshop, where their giant undertakings went on, which principally consisted in the formation of the "International" and the writing of "Das Kapital." This regular correspondence ceased in 1870 when Engels drew out of business in Manchester and moved to London to live. From that time on the letters appeared only when one or the other of the two men were away from London.

The strongest and deepest impression that one gets in reading through this correspondence is of the influence of the two men upon each other in their thoughts and work. They were congenial spirits, whose keenness and ability everywhere strike the reader. At the same time they were charmingly human. The brilliant wit that everywhere flashes through the letters is born of the moment, as a natural expression of their thoughts. Though they had an infinite faith in the cause of the working class, they never used any high-sounding phrases or any hollow pathos. "You know that there is no one that hates demonstrative pathos like I," writes Marx in a letter. Both Marx and Engels had an insuppressible humor and a frank joyousness, in spite of the many bitter sorrows and disappointments which they suffered in their private and public lives. Nevertheless they passed sharp judgments, not only on their enemies but



FREDERICK ENGELS.

upon their friends, whose activities appeared to them to muddle the socialist principles and lead the labor movement on the wrong track. Their judgments were often too hard, which they afterward realized and tried to soften, but always with the statement that it was not the theoretical ignorance that was involved but the fate of the proletariat's future. They used words not weighed on gold-scales; powerful they were and sometimes they had a juicy turn at the same time that they had a deep undercurrent of the finest human feelings. No ever written than those that here and there appear in the correspondence sweeter and more touching words were garding Marx's wife and children and Engel's first wife, and also regarding their good friends and faithful comrades. Particularly is this true regarding Wilhelm Wulff, to whom Marx dedicated his first volume of "Capital." The letters depict two fine characters and rare human beings.

But that which naturally attracts the readers first of all is the conditions under which the two men shaped their work. When we read the long series of letters

and learn the living conditions of Marx in London, it becomes a mystery where he found the strength to do the work that he did. One is filled with deep respect for the tremendous will power that he displayed. It required gigantic preparations for that work that should form the foundation for the present socialist understanding of society. There were huge obstacles in his way—but great was also the help that he received from Engels!

We see that Marx is frequently bodily sick, suffering from skin diseases and bronchitis and the internal illness that finally made an end to his life. He was often compelled to stay in bed, so weak that all work was a burden to him.

"I am just as full of plagues as Job, but surely not as God-fearing," he writes with a humor that never left him. But much worse than the bodily suffering was the economic. It was not from passing lack of funds that he suffered most, nor from the narrow, frugal life that he lived, but it was the terrible downright poverty that was almost constantly his. He had lost his small fortune in the newspaper venture during the revolution. And it was almost impossible for him to earn the absolute necessities with his pen in London to keep the wolf from the door. The king's officer was a steady visitor at his home. He came to collect rent and taxes that were behind. The baker, the grocer and the butcher bills were always waiting to be paid. Marx in turn was a steady visitant at the pawnshop.

"It is a week since I reached the pleasant situation where I cannot go out for lack of my coat, which is in the pawnshop, and where, for lack of credit, I can no longer eat meat," he writes in a letter, and in another, "I have been compelled to feed my family on potatoes for about ten days now, and it is doubtful if I can get anything today. It is very cold and there is absolutely no coal in the house. If this condition keeps up I'd rather be a hundred yards under the ground. Even my writing paper cannot last a week."

When in 1867 he had to go to Germany with his manuscript for the first volume of "Capital," he wrote:

"I must first see if I can get my clothes and my watch out of the pawnshop, and I cannot very well leave my family in the

present condition where there is not a cent in the home and where the creditors press more and more."

Such dark instances meet us in dozens of places through the correspondence. Now Mrs. Marx cannot go out because her wearing apparel is in the pawnshop, and now the children cannot go out because they lack clothing and shoes.

We can understand how all this distracted from his mental energy and wasted his time and ability: "I am unable to write, as I have wasted my time running about in vain trying to get money, and I begin to feel that my power to do abstract thinking is weakening," he writes.

Here it is that Engels always comes to the rescue. As long as his own economic means were small he offered to help Marx over the difficult places, but later, when his income increased, we find him steadily supplying means to Marx's household, and steadily lending him money. Only by that help was it possible for Marx to go on with his work and to continue his studies.

Engels longed to give up business in order to give himself up to literary pursuits. And that he remained in the dull business world was surely to enable himself to help Marx with the means necessary to bring his scientific work to a finish. When, in the early sixties, he tried to arrange with his partners to withdraw the sum that he demanded was undoubtedly based on the calculation that it would give Marx some years to work in peace. Engels here showed a rare friendship. It was not alone his personal feeling that prompted him to help Marx, but fully as much the regard that he had for the working class cause, and the clear understanding of the meaning that it would have in the future labor movement. All this demanded that Marx's working ability should be saved.

As Engels helped Marx financially year by year, so also did he help him faithfully in his work, not only in the great scientific studies, but also in the monotonous day's work, done for the purpose of getting bread. Marx's chief source of income for a long time was as a correspondent for an American newspaper. His work for this was poorly paid, as the

work itself was often thrown aside by the editor, and Marx only received payment for about one article in every four that he wrote.

In the beginning, when Marx felt that he was not master of the English language, Engels corrected his articles. He also helped him to gather the material for them, and arranged it in the evenings after his day's work in the office. Engels on the other hand steadily received help from Marx, and a good deal of the work that goes under his name is wholly or in part due to Marx's pen.

What the future will naturally have the greatest interest in is the cooperation of Marx and Engels in forming the economic science that "Capital" is founded on. Again and again do we find that Marx in big outlines put the ideas before his friend to pass judgment on them. Again and again do we find him questioning Engels regarding the practical conditions, to illustrate the theoretical problems that occupied his mind. It shows plainly that Engels was not as capable as Marx in grasping abstract problems. He speaks himself in places about his slow mental ability, and in another place that he is somewhat strange to abstract reasoning. On the other hand he was widely read, and had an intimate knowledge of practical business life—a resource that was the greatest necessity for the preparation of "Capital," and of which Marx steadily availed himself. In numerous places in "Capital" do we find paragraphs and illustrations and suitable remarks, which, as we now learn in the letters, had their origin in Engels' broad learning. The degree in which Marx felt himself indebted to Engels we find in a couple of letters written by him right after the finishing of the first volume of "Capital." In the one that is sent from Hanover, where Marx stayed to correct the proofs, Marx says:

"Without you I would never have been able to bring the work to a finish, and I assure you that like a nightmare it has troubled my conscience to think that it was mostly for my sake that you let business life swallow your wonderful ability, and that, into the bargain, you had to take part in all my small troubles." The other letter is written at two o'clock at night in 1867, at the very moment that

the last sheet of "Capital" was corrected: "Now, then, the volume is finished. You alone have made it possible for me. It would have been impossible without your sacrifice for me to do that mighty work required for the three volumes. I embrace you in thankfulness."

The reading of the letters between Marx and Engels gives one an impression of the tremendous work that the two men had to do in order to place "Capital" on the level of up-to-date science. It was a work that was all the more wonderful when one remembers the condition under which they both labored. Marx had poor health constantly, and was troubled economically. Engels through the day sat on his office stool and had only the evenings to himself. Seldom, as in this case, do we find that the great genius is also the great worker. Their work was not formed in happy moments under inspirations, but through untiring efforts. Their untiring energy and ability did not permit them to stop in narrow grooves. They went into large fields of study that to all appearance had very little to do with the subject in hand, but which were woven into the work and enlightened with happy impulses.

The subjects which principally occupied the two men's minds and which they constantly discussed are: the theory of economics and international politics. The last was especially discussed to find out the possibilities of future revolutionary currents that could be used by the working class in their struggles, but their studies stretched far out over the border lines of these subjects. It can truly be said that no branch of modern science was strange to them. They dealt with philosophy and theology, languages and history, and they went a little into chemistry, physiology and mathematics. And if they often talked with a superior air about such studies as what Engels kills the hours of an evening with, or something which Marx whiles away the time with, when he is on his bed unable to do anything else, the letters plainly show the earnestness put into these studies, and how deeply they sought to enter into the very heart of the subject and that they were never satisfied with a mere diletante knowledge. They constantly tried to form independent judgments. The let-

ters show how fruitful all those different studies became, and how they formed the substance of their scientific and agitational works.

German was their mother tongue, of which they necessarily must be masters, but they also studied French, English and Italian. Engels especially became familiar with many foreign languages. In 1852 he began already to study the Slavonic tongues. Particularly was he interested in the Russian language. He said: "It is not only the interest of the language that prompts me to study it, but one of us at least, when the next great trouble breaks loose, necessarily must know just the nation's language, history, literature and public institutions, which we will quickly find ourselves up against."

His rich knowledge of the Slavic languages and their history made it possible for him to pass a very interesting judgment on the Panslavic movement. Marx also learned the Russian language in 1870, with the object in view of studying the Russian agrarian system and the development of the rural communes and the peasantry. In the third volume of "*Capital*" are numerous evidences of this study.

Engels later on began to study oriental languages and oriental history and social conditions, and the communism of the rural communities there. He also tackled the Persian language, about which he wrote: "If it were not for the Arabic alphabet, the Persian language would be mere child's play to learn. I would undertake to learn the whole grammar in forty-eight hours." He also studied the old Teutonic and Gaelic tongues, which enabled him to read the old Edda teachings. Marx also dabbled in those studies and the harvest they both gathered they brought home to their work in hand and used for comparisons. Engels once stumbled upon Cicero's private letters, and found in reading them a wonderful resemblance between the conditions at the ending of the Roman republic and the conditions in France just after the revolution, and he made the following passing remark regarding that historical personage that is very interesting, when he says:

"Cicero really was unimportant, and a

more common rascal cannot be found among all decent men since the beginning of time."

Marx re-read the Roman history under the republic and presented this view: "The whole inner history is solved in the simple fact that the struggle was between the small and the great private property holders, under special influence of the slave condition. The debt condition there played a big role from the very beginning of the Roman history and naturally resulted in the depletion of the small properties."

In the history of Spain during the first part of the nineteenth century Marx found a great deal of rich stuff which he worked up into a series of articles. He also studied the history of Poland, as the Polish question would not down. And because he found that it is a historical phenomenon that all revolutions since 1789, with a great degree of certainty, measured their strength and life tenacity with Poland's, Poland was their foreign barometer.

Oriental history and social development were subjects of lively discussions between Marx and Engels. They passed sharp criticism over a series of modern happenings, for example, over England's doings in India. They both claimed, and with good reasons, that the public water system was the life-nerve in the oriental social system, and that the English by neglecting the old water ways in India had brought the old institutions there to a state of dissolution.

Especially important is Marx's study of the old Russian and the old German rural conditions, where the rural population had equal rights to cultivate the soil, which rights again can be traced back to the old rural communes in India. Through the German and Russian literature Marx studied these old conditions in their flowering period and their decadence, and shows us some remnants that lasted in Germany until the nineteenth century. The countless letters wherein these questions are discussed ought to be extremely interesting to us today; they show how very far from the truth the assertion is that the third volume of "*Capital*" is based on mere abstractions; they show, on the contrary, that it rests on the closest study of the actual development of so-

cial conditions. Also his study in chemistry and physiology brought him rich material for his work. He followed with the greatest interest discoveries made in electricity, the electric lamp and the transportation of the electric juice on wires, which in our days play such a colossal role. In his letters to Engels do we for the first time get an impression of the gigantic preparation that lies back of "Capital." Chemistry in agriculture is thoroughly discussed in the third volume, in the chapter on ground-rent. He tells us in a letter in 1866 how that chapter was written:

"In the day-time I studied in the British Museum, and wrote at night. The German chemists on agriculture, especially Liebig and Schonbein, who are more important on this subject than all the economists together, and the tremendously great material which the French have brought forth, since last this question occupied my mind, I had to go through." And in a letter two years later, mentioning new researches in agricultural chemistry, he says:

"In the chapter on ground rent I must at any rate to a certain degree be familiar with the subject as it at the present moment stands."

Interesting is also the judgment which the two men passed on Darwin. They both completely acknowledged his pio-

neer work in its far reaching effects, and both saw the harmony there was between the system of natural evolution which he unfolded and that of the social evolution which they had unfolded, Engels wrote in 1859:

"I should say that Darwin, whom I have just read, is a brilliant teleologist, and there has never before been such a magnificent effort made to show the historical evolution in nature; at any rate, not with such great success."

Marx in a letter in 1860 tells that during a period of sickness he has read "Origin of Species," and says:

"This book contains the natural foundation for our views."

Engels was especially at home in the science of war, which he perhaps had originally begun to cultivate with a view to a near-revolution; when possibly it would come to a clash of the mass and the military army. This knowledge he used later in a series of military and political articles and sketches. He was perhaps in his time the best informed man in Europe on that subject.

The correspondence shows that without this whole series of these different studies on different subjects, upon which Marx and Engels built their scientific works, we should have had no "Capital" and no "Anti-Duehring."

(To be continued)





A MODERN STEEL PASSENGER COACH.

Photos by A. P. Hall.

The Revolution in Car Building

BY PAUL L. WRIGHT

As the huge steel car goes swiftly gliding by, few people realize the enormous and wonderful change that has taken place in the car building industry. Formerly built almost entirely by domestic craftsmen, the grand Pullmans, dining cars, and the elegant day coaches of today are now built almost entirely by foreign labor. From the time the ore is unloaded at the steel mills until the finished product is turned over to the railroad companies to do service, alien labor predominates over domestic ten to one. Since, generally speaking, foreign workmen have always been synonymous with unskilled labor, it is apparent that in this industry the day of the skilled woodworker is over. Never again will his services be needed. As the smooth steel glides through the huge rollers in the mills, so does the opportunity for the skilled woodworker to live by his handiwork, glide to oblivion. And this marvelous revolution has taken place in the short space of seven years.

We will now consider the steel car in its first stage of construction. Great center sills are lifted into place by gigantic cranes which run on a track near the roof of the building. These cranes span a space of almost one hundred and fifteen feet and can travel from one end of the building to the other carrying with them any piece of steel that may be needed at the far end of

the shop. Within this huge crane there is another, a small car that can run on the crane and crossing the span, can pick up a piece of steel and carry it to the other end of the span. These cranes are operated by a single operator and a hook-on man, whose duty it is to fasten the chain to whatever needs to be transported.

With the first piece of steel in place we will now pass on to the next operation, which is the riveting of the side sills and cross beams to the great center sill. Workmen with great air hammers, called bull riveters, which are suspended by portable cranes, drive the cherry-hot rivets and securely fasten the foundations of the car. The framework being completed, the side plates and the roof sheets are now bolted fast and another gang of riveters drive the sides, roof and ends.

What effect has this operation had on the woodworker? If the car had been constructed of wood as in former years the services of the lumberman, saw mill operators and carpenters would have been required, but as it is of steel construction, their labors have been entirely dispensed with.

The body of the car completed, it is ready to be taken to the sandblast. Perhaps some of you will wonder what a sandblast is. Sandblasting is to the steel car what planing and sandpapering is to the wooden structure. If you want a board for the

top of your library table you would desire it smooth and to get it so it would have to be run through the planing machine and a sandpapering machine. Just so with the steel car. To get the sides of the required smoothness they must be sandblasted, but this process is much simpler and less expensive than the methods used by the woodworker, for the tools need no knives sharpened nor do the gears wear out. Hence valuable time is also saved.

No doubt some of you would like to know what a sandblasting tool is like. It consists of a piece of hose attached to the air line (compressed air in pipes). To the end of this hose is fastened a pipe; this pipe is joined by another hose three or four feet from the end, the loose end of which is dropped into the sand box. The compressed air is then turned on and as it rushes through the long hose the suction draws the sand up through the short piece and hurls it with terrific force against the sides of the car, reducing the lumps and irregular spots to a common smoothness. The operator has only to move the hose from place to place as it is needed. The car is now ready for interior finishing.

In this department let us take notice of the revolutionary processes which make up the interior finish. The first process to be considered is the making of steel molding. We see a thin, narrow steel band being pulled through a die by a long chain driven by electric motor power. It reaches out over a narrow table probably ninety feet in length, the chain slowly traveling to the far end of the table and with it the finished piece of hollow molding. It is made in this manner into car lengths. By pulling the molding into car lengths the process of installing it in the car is greatly simplified. As most steel cars are approximately seventy feet long, it would require the services of a skilled woodworker to join the various lengths whereas the work is now done without piecing, again saving valuable time and money and labor as well as increasing the efficiency.

Almost everyone has noticed how a wooden door is constructed, the outer pieces being made with a groove cut on the inside to receive the panel. With the steel panel the outside pieces are pressed or pulled and the panel then inserted. There follows another process called electric spot welding. The panel is taken to the welding

machine and placed in position. The operator turns a lever and between the points of contact a bright red spot appears. The lever is then thrown back and the material moved into another position, the operation being repeated until the pieces are securely fastened together. All this requires only a few seconds' time and is much more efficient than the process of wooden door making.

Acetylene gas welding is another process steel undergoes. This is used to weld roof seams, fill holes, join window sashes, cut steel and a thousand other different things peculiar to steel car building. It is one of the most useful inventions used in steel car manufacturing.

Arc welding is another electrical contrivance which is being perfected and at a future day more may be said of its effectiveness. It has been tried and proven quite a success.

The material for the interior finish now completed, we will make ourselves acquainted with the methods and tools used to install this in the cars. There are holes to be drilled and reamed. Right here is where the superiority of modern tools over the self-propelled tools of the woodworker is most remarkably demonstrated. The Dunt-



INTERIOR VIEW OF ALL-STEEL DINING CAR.

ley Electric Company manufacture a small electric motor which is a most handy little machine. Made with a handle at one end and at the other one chucks of different styles to hold any shaped drill or reamer, one man can drill more holes with one of these machines in one hour than a workman with the old-fashioned brace and bit could drill in one whole day.

Another machine which does heavier and more difficult work is the air drill. Manufactured by the Thor Machine Company, this machine is built in all styles and shapes of various capacities. These last two-named machines have entirely removed the skilled woodworker and his simple hand tools to other fields of employment or to discarding and unemployment.

When the car has received its interior finish, another modern process takes place. The new monolith floor is laid. A monolith floor is made of wood pulp and fibres mixed with certain kinds of acids and chemical compounds to make the mass a solid piece of work after being laid. Allowed sufficient time for drying this makes a beautifully smooth and attractive floor much superior in looks and wearing qualities to the old style wooden floor.

The car is now ready for painting and trimming. After it is striped, grained and varnished it has the appearance of a solid steel house on wheels, a veritable palace, surely a great and grand improvement over the old-time wooden passenger car in appearance alone. And when its efficiency and wonderful life-saving qualities in time of wrecks or collisions are taken into consideration, why grieve and mourn that this indestructible modern instrument of travel has ousted the skilled woodworker from plying his trade in *this* line even for all time to come? Through all the ages it has

ever been the survival of the fittest. Modern improvements, inventions and discoveries are the culmination of human desires and endeavors. Every new commodity that is produced cheaper and better has a more certain chance of success over others not possessing these qualities.

New inventions and processes promote the welfare of certain groups in society. While one group of workers are employed that have skill in the manufacturing of certain things, others are unemployed because their skill is a lost art, relegated to uselessness by inventions and more efficient methods of production. This has been the case of the wooden car worker.

The irresistible laws of Capitalistic Society work in cycles of death to some and birth to others. Never will the welfare of the workers be secured so long as the capitalist régime holds sway.

To be a successful mechanic or inventor one must act in accordance with the laws of mechanics or physics and success in our endeavors depends upon and is facilitated only by knowledge and observance of these laws. Inform yourselves of the economic, industrial and social laws and sciences and profit by adapting yourselves to these great truths. Knowledge means solidarity and solidarity means independence and fulfilled hopes, the realization of which have long been deferred and almost crushed by the cruel forces of capitalism.

The working class must understand the intricate and complex laws of capitalistic society and render them void and useless by voting to own the tools of production and distribution collectively, thereby causing each new invention and process to benefit the whole of society instead of a small proportion. Then only will we truly live instead of merely exist.

HOMESTEADERS NOW

Letter From Mary Alspaugh, Wife of a Colorado Miner

HARKEN, all you people who burn the midnight oil, for I have made a discovery! The light begins to shine. I have found out why the price of candles has soared so suddenly and mysteriously. The Rockefeller Foundation needs the money. There is going

to be another investigation of the Unwashed.

I have discovered why there is more gravel in our dried beans and a little more sand in our dried fruit. There is to be held an investigation of industrial conditions throughout the world, backed by

ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

My own home, until recently, was in Oak Creek, Colo., in the heart of the Routt County coal fields where such a bitter class struggle has raged since Sept., 1913. I have three small children whose lives were in peril every minute after the strike was called. The camp fairly crawled with armed degenerates of every description. First came the Baldwin-Felts thugs, then the sheriff and his deputies, then the Steamboat mob and the Chamber of Commerce of Oak Creek. These were followed by the militia, more Baldwin thugs, then more militia immediately after Bloody Monday in Ludlow and finally the Regulars, who are still on the job.

We had dragged our children from pillar to post constantly since the strike began and we never knew in the morning where they would sleep that night. Many a bitter winter night we kept them in some cellar, under a building or in the house of a friend high up on the mountain. When the Governor sneaked the Militia in after the slaughter in the Southern fields, it was up to the strikers to get them out of town, posthaste, or have them murdered. I, with my children, went to the house of a friend ten miles out of town. My husband remained to render what assistance he could.

From there we moved further back into the hills and located on a homestead. We took with us only a ten-by-twelve tent, some clothing and bedding, carpenters' tools and a few cooking utensils, for this is rough country and homesteaders frequently have to build long roads before they can get in with a wagon. Thus were peaceable citizens driven into the wilderness.

On account of the great difficulty connected with getting provisions in here, we substituted candles for kerosene lights. During the early part of the summer these cost us 2½ cents, but just about the time the pebbles and bits of quartz began to appear in large numbers in our beans, or, to be exact, about the time the Rockefeller Foundation decided the "rough necks" needed another investigation, the price jumped up. Sometimes our stock of candles does not hold out and then we resort to a rag saturated

in a saucer of grease for a light. No matter, the Rockefeller Foundation needs the money.

Have YOU been investigated? If not, you are hopelessly out of the fashion. It is all the rage these days and most beneficial (?).

They murdered us in Patterson and then—investigated us; they murdered us in West Virginia and then—investigated us.

They murdered us in Colorado and then—investigated us.

"With one million dollars back of it," says the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, "such an investigation should yield some important knowledge and practical results. This is what one might well expect from the Advocate. But since that paper has manifested so kindly (?) an interest I am sure its editor will be glad to look over a few figures which I have prepared, simple figures that even the editor of the Advocate SHOULD be able to understand.

One hundred million dollars represents almost one dollar from every man, woman and child in America. But since the entire amount comes from labor, let us eliminate those who do no useful work. This means, then, a hundred million dollars from the toil of the working class. From the four hundred men who responded to the strike call at Oak Creek, representing, approximately, families of five, this would mean two thousand dollars. Two thousand dollars, which would have paid for shoes for the children of the camp during the winter. Instead, it goes to INVESTIGATING US via the Rockefeller Foundation.

Do you see, Mr. Editor of the Advocate, and Oily John?

It comes with very bad grace from the Rockefellers to talk INVESTIGATION after they have declared they would spend every dollar invested in Colorado to prevent the miners from improving their condition; and with very bad grace for the Christian (?) press to throw its hat in the air and shout "Amen" when the lily-fingered crooks plan to put something over on the working class.

The sky-pilots and their flocks pray for peace three hundred and sixty-four days a year and vote to give us Hell on election day.

THE FALLEN MIGHTY

By Frank Bohn

OUR party and our whole movement have failed in Europe. Attempting to deceive ourselves can do no good. Just the contrary, it will do a great deal of harm. We must take the facts as they are, attempt to analyze them and discover what our duty may be as members of the International.

When the terrible news came from Germany that our 113 members in the Reichstag had NOT BEEN EXECUTED FOR TREASON, but had been good patriots and voted the war budget, hope forsook us for the time being.

But the world goes on. Sooner or later the war will come to an end. We will then have to go back twenty years and pick up the broken threads of the revolutionary movement where both the leaders and the rank and file of the German Socialists laid them down so long ago, and understand the principles which will permit a rebirth of the movement.

Let us begin by saying this is no time for various groups of the international labor movement to point the finger of scorn at one another. Gustave Hervé, editor of the *Social War*, and recently an opponent of political action, has lately offered to carry arms under the Tri-Color. The chief organ of the French syndicalists is now in a fit of patriotic lunacy. Bourtseff, exile and physical fordist, has offered to join the forces of the Czar. Finally Kropotkin, the leading anarchist since the death of Bakunin, has spiked the guns of any of his persuasion who might have attempted to scoff at us Socialists. He is bitterly anti-German, and writes glibly of the "freedom" of France, Britain and Belgium, which "freedom" now seems to require the defensive power of his potent pen.

To some of us the collapse of the International is not in the least surprising. In the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for July, 1910, I wrote an article concerning the then coming International Congress at Copenhagen. In that

article I described my experience as a member of the preceding International Congress at Stuttgart in 1907.

"But this year," the article continued, "a sickish feeling creeps over one long before delegates put out to sea on the way to the International Congress. One feels much as the dog must have felt when 'Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard' and returned with empty hands." At the close of the article I proposed that the International Bureau arrange for a discussion, at the succeeding International Congress, of anti-vivisection, Esperanto and the Sultan's harem.

The International Congress, I found, was a gathering of old, good-natured but worn out men and women, who met to talk over old times, drink to one another's health and listen to very good musical programs. I have since opposed the sending of delegates to those congresses as a waste of the workers' money on junketing tours.

The Last Bold Word Against War

At the Congress at Stuttgart in 1907, I heard Hervé's great speech against militarism and in favor of working class insurrection in case of war. There was at that time nothing new in this. Hervé only sounded again the notes struck by Marx and Engels at the close of the "Communist Manifesto." To comrades who take the position Hervé then so eloquently expressed it seems strange indeed that any person calling himself a Socialist could ever hold another position. If, indeed, the workers "have nothing to lose but their chains," how can they be expected to fight for the soil of any nation? As late as August, 1899, Wilhelm Liebknecht wrote in his remarkable brochure entitled, "No Compromise," that—

"The Social-Democracy must remain by itself, must seek for and generate its power within itself. Every power outside of ourselves on which we seek to lean is for us only weakness. In the

consciousness of our strength, in our faith of a world-conquering mission of Socialism, lies the secret of our extraordinary, almost miraculous, success.

"Therefore, we will not turn from our old tactics, nor from the old program. Ever advancing with science and economic development, we are what we were and we will remain what we are. Or—the Social Democracy will cease to exist."

The statement of the old warrior that the party was then as it had always been, was, unfortunately, untrue. The German Social-Democracy in 1899 was well on its way to destruction. The heart of it was already rotting out.

The Biology of a Revolutionist

A revolutionist is composed of both mind and heart. To have one without the other is like having a gun without ammunition or ammunition without a gun. The extent to which the German Social-Democracy had long ago lost its ideals is indicated by the published debates of the International Congress of 1907. Hervé introduced an anti-war resolution reading in part as follows:

"Considering,

"That it does not matter to proletarians under what national and governmental ticket the capitalists exploit them;

"That the interest of the working class is exclusively the struggle against international capitalism;

"The Congress,

"Rejects bourgeois and governmental patriotism which upholds the lying affirmation of the existence of a community of interests amongst all inhabitants of the same Country. It declares that it is the duty of Socialists in all countries to fight only for such objects as will bring about the collectivist or communist regime, and to defend it once they have built it up, and

"Calls upon all comrades, in view of the diplomatic incidents which, coming from all quarters, threaten European peace, to answer any declaration of war, from whatever side it might come, by military strike and insurrection."

This position a revolutionary congress should have taken for granted and endorsed without debate. But a majority of the French and all of the Germans—representatives of the two nations upon whom militarism bore most heavily—backed away from this revolutionary standpoint like the trimmers they were

and crawled through a very small hole out of danger. When later I asked a German delegate why he and his colleagues did not wish to take up seriously the fight for anti-militarism, he replied, that at heart, all the German Socialists were one with Hervé, but that "at present" they "could not endanger their organization."

"AT PRESENT!" What a suggestion! In the future perhaps they would come clear through and tell the truth to themselves and fight for what they knew to be the interests of the working class. But "at present" we shall be silent, crawl out of danger like a lot of scared mice and save the party organization. That is, if telling the truth hurts the party, we must lie. If to fight the enemy will lose us votes, we must quit and go home. The German Socialists are but reaping where they have sown.

Exactly fifteen years ago the venerable Liebknecht strove mightily to keep the German Socialist Party headed toward the Social Revolution. But a "new school" had grown up—a crowd of professional office-holders and organization men who came, in time, to scoff at the very word "revolution." They were "practical men." They were "constructive." They were the people who "did things." Revolutionists only "made a noise."

The speech of Hervé in reply to the Germans' whose spokesman, we regret with all our heart to admit, was none other than August Bebel, should be studied now by every Socialist the world over.

"When two years ago," said Hervé, "the rumor went abroad of an entry of the German army into Poland, in order to checkmate the Russian Revolution, we found out that the German comrades would confine themselves to opposing the 'moral force' of their three million voters. When, at about the same time, the Moroccan conflict nearly unchained a Franco-German war, we found out again that our German brethren had nothing to oppose to an order for mobilization but the 'moral force' of their electoral organizations."

* * *

"And we think we can give you credit yet, because it was from your side that there came the profound words of Marx: 'The Proletarians have no Country,' about which we did not think Bebel would come cavilling today; because it was

one of you, Liebknecht, who at the Congress of Marseilles proclaimed that there are in the world but two Countries, that of the rich and that of the poor; because it is yourself, Bebel, who at our last Congress at Amsterdam demonstrated with force to Jaures that all capitalist States, whatever be their government, are class States, that they are almost alike, and you added that the French Republic was not so superior to a monarchy that you would have your head broken in for it.

"Finally, we give you credit because we could not believe that people who call out everywhere our beautiful motto of the International: 'Proletarians of all countries unite!' would go interpreting it in practice by 'Proletarians of all Countries, massacre one another!'

"Well, now that we have gone forward trusting you, we put to you two questions: If tomorrow or the day after the Moroccan question cropped up again, and if you received an order for mobilization, in order to march against France—notice that when a war breaks out one never knows who is the real aggressor—what will you do, German comrades?

"Alas! after the words of Bebel, I am beginning to believe that we have had too much confidence in you and your Socialist and internationalist sentiments.

"Oh! I know your qualities. I know your powers of organization, of which we have even proofs here at this Congress so admirably organized.

"But let me tell you frankly—you are living on your old reputation!

"Today, since you have allowed yourselves to be intoxicated by your electoral successes, since you are embourgeoisized in Parliament, you have become a party exclusively reformist and lawful; you have lost—if ever you have had it—all revolutionary spirit, all revolutionary sense; you do not even understand what it is.

"Shall I tell you all I am thinking of?

"You are no more than an admirable machine for voting and paying subscriptions. You are afraid of prison!

Rosa Luxembourg: "I protest."

Hervé: "Are you Rosa Luxembourg? You know very well I do not mean you, who leave the Kaiser's prison only to enter that of the Czar. I only wish, comrade, there were many men like you in the German Social-Democracy.

"You are a flock of sheep under the crook of your Kaiser Bebel—like our French Guesdists, under the crook of their Pope, Jules Guesde. Your Kaiser Bebel, with his gray hair and the

inability of all old men to understand novelties, thinks for you; you can say no more than 'Amen'! Your discipline is a discipline of death.

"When the war breaks out, go on! go on! Under the colors of your Emperor!"

Bravely indeed did Hervé declare that whatever happened the French Socialists would never march under the Tri-Color. They would revolt against their own government and lead the Germans as armed revolutionists. But the effort required was too great. Hervé went home, carried on an active anti-militarist propaganda, went to prison, and came out with his faith in the International dead.

It Might Have Been

Why could there not have been in the whole of Germany one single fighter willing to die for our cause—a man with the courage to say, "I shall fall by your hands rather than commit the crime of murdering my comrades?" A hundred such men, dying as soldiers in the workers' cause, would have sent such a shudder through the ranks of the German army as to totally destroy its morale.

When I have made this statement in conversation, I have sometimes been met with the reply, "Oh, it is very easy for you to sit here in New York and say what others should do. Life is sweet and death is terrible. After all, we cannot blame them."

I, for one, refuse to be silenced by such drivel. Of course, we expected some comrades would die as befitted men and women in a great and holy cause. I cannot conceive how any one thinks that it takes much courage to do that. Physical bravery is the commonest of qualities. The black slaves in the Civil War fought and died like the finest gentlemen of the age of chivalry. A cat, a cow, an old hen, will die to save her young. It is nothing at all to die. It takes only three minutes before a firing squad. To live—to live and labor and suffer through years and years of poverty and disappointment, to mend the ragged clothing and make thin soup for a crowd of children when the father is out of work—THAT takes courage, more iron courage than ten thousand men must have altogether when they charge and are torn to pieces by artillery.

Austria and Germany started this war. The signal for revolt should have come from the Austrian and German comrades. They have failed. Like he "who gains all the world and loses his own soul," they built up mighty organizations, cast millions of votes, won hundreds of offices, distributed millions of

pieces of literature, published and studied thousands of books—and lost the revolutionary spirit—that essence of class solidarity which alone could save the working class.

I am wondering what our party in America is prepared to do under similar circumstances?



CROSSING THE DESERT.

THE PROMISED LAND OF WORK

"SEEING AMERICA FIRST"

By NILS H. HANSSON

IN these historical days there is a great howl going the rounds of the American press about "seeing America first." Of course, it is the tourists who go to France or Germany or England to spend their parasitical days to whom they refer and not by any means those useful members of society in overalls—the producing class.

The only land useful folks usually see is their native country—and they rarely get outside of a twenty-mile square in it in their lifetime. Of course, there are many of us who are given the opportunity (though not the MEANS) to see America. We are the migratory workers who are floating from one part of the

country to another, always looking for the Almighty Job.

We certainly do "see America", not generally because we like to, but because society forces us to do so. There are always rumors reaching our ears that the next place, or the next city, may be better. So that we are ever drifting into strange territories lured by the hope of work. Ahead of us lurk the dangers of "the road."

For the past two years I have been one of this kind of tourists and I will try to tell you of some of the wonderful sights my eyes have seen in this glorious Land of Liberty (?).

Six Doughnuts in "Los"

Last December a small unemployed army marched here and there through California, making from eight to twenty miles a day carrying their bundles on their backs. It was a raggedy little bunch of slaves who had united for the purpose of getting a little to eat and, perhaps, a leaky old warehouse to sleep in. Often, however, the sky was their roof and the rain was their covering. I happened to be of their number for over a week, but the lure of work in the South led me and many others to hit the road.

In Los Angeles I found that the most popular word passed around among the tens of thousands of unemployed was that you could get SIX DOUGHNUTS and a CUP OF COFFEE for five cents. God, such a heaven! I thought. But at the same time if one has not the requisite five cents they might just as well have made it five dollars for these life-savers. There I found that when the available funds of two men made up the required sum, one would go in and have coffee and two doughnuts while the other waited outside for FOUR doughnuts and no coffee. They were both saved for the time being. Then they took turns begging another nickel for the next day's provisions. And each nickel was hard to get although Los Angeles was supposed to be a "good town."

The winters are tolerably warm in "Los," though I have seen a quarter of an inch of ice on the ponds around there. So do not imagine it is a real paradise to sleep outside with a "California blanket" (a newspaper and gunnysack) for shelter. But it is so warm in the day and one's blood is so thin that the nights FEEL like thirty below zero weather.

I wish the tourist parasites traveling through California might see the thousands of hungry men whose busy hands have made it possible for them to "see America" and to live in luxury. A blue-lipped "bum" might spoil the whole picture.

Last winter "Los" had an extra police force for the purpose of arresting all persons who happened to land in town at night or who resembled some "undesirable." After I had spent one night in

their filthy jail it was sixty days or leave town for me.

The Hoboes' Paradise

Yuma, Arizona, was the next point to stand out for especial interest. It used to be called "The Hoboes' Paradise" because it is the warmest place in America. So, many who have not warm clothing and no chance to get it, tried to keep around there in winter time. Not so any more. Ten days is what is handed to everyone who comes through—ten days in the dungeon on bread and water or five days' work on the rockpile.

I saw thirty-five men arrested there on a charge of vagrancy in one night. For every man "pinched" the police get their share—one dollar a head.

With the exception of long walks on an empty stomach, the dangers of brutal brakemen and railroad police all through the vast territory of Arizona and New Mexico, there is not much to relate before we reach the city of El Paso, Texas.

Before we reached there we met a man who said he had served two hundred days merely for being found on the streets at night without the price of a bed. His face told the same story. He said that before he reached El Paso he was strong and healthy, but when we saw him there was not much left of him. Consumption was eating his life out very fast. He said that when you look up at the sun for a moment from the El Paso rockpile, there is always a black-jack or a pick-handle ready for you.

Shackles and Chains

Before we arrived in El Paso my partner and I suggested that we remain outside the city till daylight. But the third in our party, whom we had picked up on the road, an elderly man, urged us to go on and take a room for the night. "They won't arrest us workingmen," he said. And as he had money and was going to pay for us, we allowed ourselves to be persuaded.

We had not walked two blocks before we were approached by two detectives who had searched the freight we came in on, and in a most decisive manner we were taken to the police station.

Finding no guns upon us and only four dollars (belonging to the old fellow who

thought they would not "arrest working-men") we were let into the kennel. It was a filthy room about 60 by 30 feet. On each side were about eight cells running one-third the way up to the ceiling. On top of each cell and everywhere on the cement floor were crowded men of our type—most of them serving their time or waiting for what the judge would hand out to them in the morning.

The night was chilly and there were no blankets—only a few rags and not half-enough of them. A couple of drunks were howling in the cells and disturbing those who had done a hard day's work on a Texas rock pile.

At about 5 o'clock the Get-up signal was given and there was a hurrying and scraping of feet and a "reading of shirts" before they were put on. Five dope fiends were in the bunch. One, a miserable little creature with eyes sticking out, hair standing erect and back bent because of "the habit," cried out at the door, "Say, Captain, can't I have a little medicine?" The door was opened and for answer he received a chair on the head with a promise of death if he asked for dope again.

"Line up for breakfast" was the next order and inside a second we were all in line. Some discipline there! A few beans, some bread and weak coffee were given us, which, by the way, was very welcome to our party, as we had had little to eat for two days. A few minutes later a tough-looking individual entered carrying a big Texas hat in his hand. He was guard at the rock pile.

"Line up, chain gang," was his greeting as he came in, and it wasn't said in a friendly way, either. They lined up faster than I can tell it. I never saw anybody move as fast as those slaves in the El Paso jail. We were given a hint to climb up on top of the cells if we didn't want to get "sapped up."

One by one the men, whose crime was lack of work, put on their chains and fastened their shackles, each shackle locked to the leg with a big padlock. To assure the fastening, a small steel bar was used to test each lock. Not much time was lost in assuming the chains. All worked swiftly like a machine.

In that chain gang were three Mexican

boys between the ages of eleven and thirteen bearing the heavy chains and shackles. One man was beaten into unconsciousness because he said "I am sick and cannot work."

I happened to land in New Orleans just before the Mardi Gras celebration, when all strangers are herded in or fined \$2.00. The police are in evidence everywhere, but I learned how to avoid them and they did not get me there.

Leaving filthy New Orleans and the Dark South with its small shacks without doors or windows, its ragged men and women, its whipping of boys and negroes, we will proceed on our "journey." Next stop, Kansas City, Mo.

The Helping Hand

In that great Missouri town the authorities have "solved the problem" of the unemployed in their Helping Hand (?) Institute. There all suckers are given a chance to make "coffee and," even in the winter. Instead of using a rock crusher the men break rocks by hand. You get five cents a box for breaking rocks—and a big box at that. Three boxes pay for a meal at the H. H. Evidently if we only abolish the new machinery there will be work for everybody. The men seem glad to work all day for a bed and a couple of scanty meals.

I don't think you could ever use the Western workers in this way. They are too rebellious and too intelligent. They might use a little direct action where the commodities they produced are piled up.

Breadlines

Next point, Chicago. It was almost snowing and the March winds were blowing hard when I ran against the bread line at Union and Randolph street. I failed to see the healthy faces one finds in the West. Everybody looked pale and sickly. Surely, I thought, these men don't know how to get chicken or how to cook "mulligan." They stood there shivering, waiting for the doors of the Municipal Lodging House to open.

We were roundly questioned and finally given a ticket for eats and a bed—more than a thousand of us, when the man just ahead of me fell to the floor in a lifeless condition. He was taken away



IN THE JUNGLE.

and the report was that he was almost starved to death.

Everybody carried a newspaper and I wondered why. I found out later. We were given a piece of stale bread about two inches thick and a cup of watery coffee and they seemed to like it, too.

We walked up to the third floor, passing two on the way, already filled with the jobless. Each floor was one huge room where five hundred men were piled in on the floor like sardines in a box.

The whistle for rising blew at 5 o'clock and there was a hasty search for vermin through the room. Out we marched and were given more bread and coffee (?) when we were turned out into the cold. No chance to wash or bathe was given us. The windows were kept closed. You can imagine how thick the air was.

There are societies and societies for fighting tuberculosis, but what good are they when diseased men are thrown in with well ones as we were here?

Chicago has a five-cent "flop" where some thousands are lodged and many ten and fifteen-cent lodging houses.

Many of the men I met here in the Breadline seemed not to desire or hope for anything at all. They were so weak in mind and body that they had lost all spirit of rebellion. Day and night they slunk in to warm corners in the chance that there might be "free shipping" to some better point. Of work in Chicago most of us found none.

After a few days in New York, I left the East and its Breadlines, the South with its prejudices and brutalities and went back to the Pacific Coast after a few more experiences with the railroad police. Now I hear that the unemployed here are organizing to defy the drones higher up; that they are refusing to eat soup and swill—these men who have produced EVERYTHING and are starving and shelterless because of the profit system of today.

Thousands already are sleeping in the San Francisco parks in the daytime and walking the streets at night. Others are "hitting" back doors and "bumming" on the street for the price of something to eat.

If some of those who talk about "seeing America first" realized that in Virginia and West Virginia between those beautiful mountains are men and women, who, when they ask for bread are given cold lead instead, the picture might lose some of its charm.

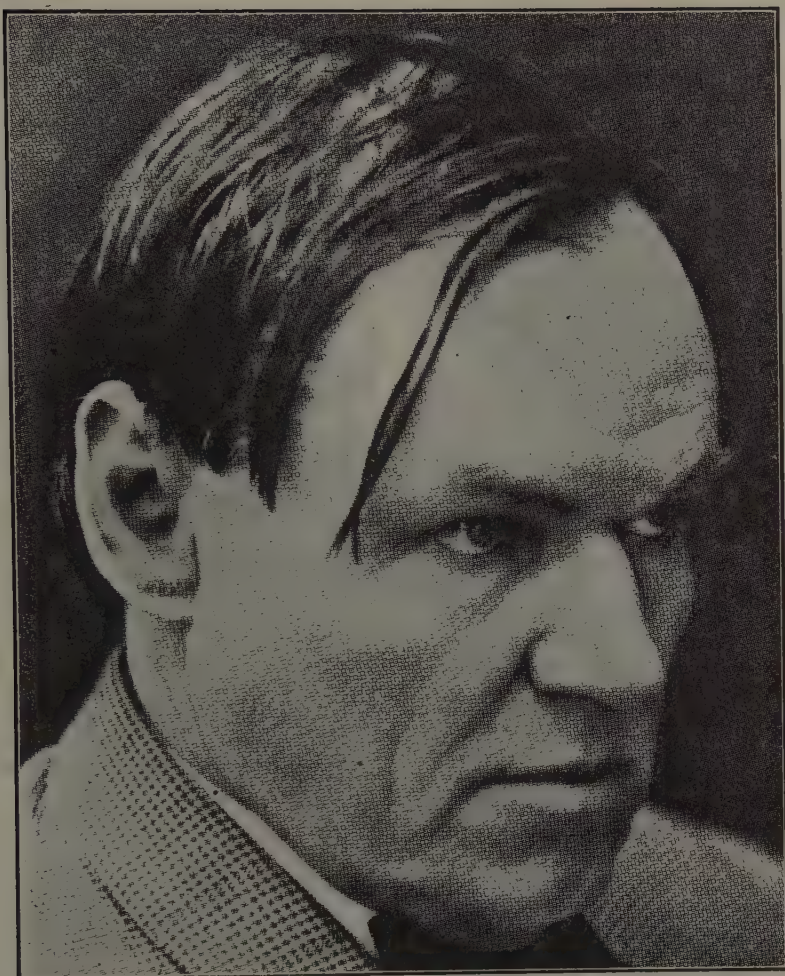
When we see the hundreds of thousands of children wearing their lives away in the cotton mills, the lovely colors fade away. There are so many things, rude things, crude things in the background.

See America first! See the picturesque hills of Colorado—and the starving miners where bloody Ludlow stares you in the face. Travel through the sun-kissed valleys of California, and murderous Wheatland, San Diego and the pick-handle administration against the unemployed rob the scenes of their attraction.

Large sums of money are being spent upon the World's Fair with its wondrous buildings shimmering against the smiling sun over the Golden Gate. I wish that the thousands of hungry men and women out of work could stand at the entrance to show just what all this splendor really means.

Wherever you go it is much the same. East, West, North, South—misery beyond description, black-jacks, chain gangs, jails and pens, and shackles for those who dare tell about them.

And it will always be so until those hungry beasts of burden awaken to their power, arise and unite to take back what they have produced!



CLARENCE DARROW.

THE COST OF WAR

By CLARENCE DARROW

A LONG with the many other regrets over the ravages of war is the sorrow for the destruction of property. As usual, those who have nothing to lose join in the general lamentation. There is enough to mourn about in the great European Holocaust without conjuring up imaginary woes. So far as the vast majority of people is concerned, the destruction of property is not an evil but a good.

The lands and houses, the goods and merchandise and money of the world are owned by a very few. All the rest in some way serve that few for so much as the law of life and trade permit them to exact. At the best, this is but a small share of the whole. All the property destroyed by war belongs to the owners of the earth; it is for them that wars are fought, and it is they who pay the bills. When the war is over, the property must

be re-created. This, the working men will do. In this re-building, they will work for wages. Then, as now, the rate of wages will be fixed by the law of demand and supply—the demand and supply of those who toil. The war will create more work and less workmen. Therefore labor can and will get a greater share of its production than it could command if there was less work and more workmen. The wages must be paid from the land and money and other property left when the war is done. This will still be in the hands of the few, and these few will be compelled to give up a greater share. The destruction of property, together with its re-creation means only a re-distribution of wealth—a re-distribution in which the poor get a greater share. It is one way to bring about something like equality of property—a cruel, wasteful, and imperfect way, but still a way. That the equality will not last does not matter, for in the period of re-construction the workman will get a larger share and will live a larger life.

As the war goes on, the funds for paying bills will be met in the old way by selling bonds. These too will be paid by the owners of the earth. True, the property from which the payment comes must be produced by toil, but if the bonds that must be paid from the fruits of labor had never been issued this surplus would not have gone to labor, but would have been absorbed by capital. This is true for the simple reason that the return to labor is not fixed by the amount of production, the rate of taxation, the price of interest and rents, but by the supply and demand of labor, and nothing else.

If labor shall sometime be wise enough, or rather instinctive enough to claim all that it produces, it will at the same time have the instinct or wisdom to leave the rulers' bonds unpaid.

But all of this is far, far away; in determining immediate effects we must consider what is, not what should be. And the jobless and propertyless can only look upon the destruction of property as giving them more work and a larger share of the product of their labor. Chicago was never so prosperous, or wages so high, as when her people were re-building it from the ashes of a general conflagration. San Francisco found the same distribution of

property amongst its workmen after the earthquake and the fire had laid it waste, and her people were called upon to build it up anew.

Carlyle records that during the long days of destruction in the French Revolution the people were more prosperous and happy than they had ever been before. True, the guillotine was doing its deadly work day after day, but its victims were very few. The people got used to the guillotine, and heeded it no more than does the crowd heed a hanging in our county jail, when they gayly pass in their machines.

After the first shock was over, during the four years of our Civil war, wages were higher, men were better employed, production greater, and distribution more equal than it had been at any time excepting in the extreme youth of the Republic. Then land was free.

Then again, this world has little to destroy. After centuries of so-called civilization, the human race has not accumulated enough to last a year should all stop work. The world lives, and always has lived, from hand to mouth. This is not because of any trouble in producing wealth, but because things are made not to use, but to sell. And the wages of the great mass of men does not permit them to buy or own more than they consume from day to day.

It is for this reason that half the people do not really work; that the market for labor is fitful and uncertain, and never great enough; and that all are poor. After a devastation like a great war, the need of re-creating will turn the idle and the shirkers into workmen, because the rewards will be greater. This will easily and rapidly produce more than ever before. From this activity, invention will contrive new machines to compete with men, going once more around the same old circle, until the world finds out that machines should be used to satisfy human wants and not to build up profits for the favored few.

One may often regret the impulses that bring destruction of property, but before any one mourns over the destruction of property, purely because of its destruction, he should ask whose property it is.—*The Little Review*.

Straight Revolutionary Program the Only Solution

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE

THE only program today that is worth while is the revolutionary one. This is the one dominant thought and final judgment that I have arrived at following the conclusion of a thirty-day speaking tour in northern Minnesota.

After trying out both reform ideas and revolutionary thoughts before audiences composed of small farmers and business men with a sprinkling of workers, I find that even the small storekeepers are more susceptible to the idea of social revolution than they are generally thought to be.

As for the workers, the speaker who talks reform off of a soap box today is a dead one and cannot even get the attention of a Sunday School man.

Conditions, particularly on the Iron ranges of the state of Minnesota, point the necessity of revolutionary Socialism.

In this particular field, covering a territory from six to twenty miles wide and two hundred miles in extent, there are nearly fifty open pit iron mines. These mines extend from half a mile to four miles in length, and in some cases nearly as much in width. They are from 50 to 200 feet in depth. The iron ore is scooped up by steam shovels, operating with a crew of only 8 to 10 men, at a cost as low as 3 cents per ton.

Ore trains composed of 120 cars, each holding fifty tons of ore, and nearly a mile in length, are hauled by monster compound locomotives to the ports on Lake Superior for shipment to the furnaces at the lower lake ports.

Underground mining is practiced also, but is gradually giving way to the open pit method. This is easily accounted for when it is seen that it costs from \$1.50 to 50 cents per ton to secure ore from the underground properties.

Seventy million tons of iron ore can be placed upon the market in a season of from 60 to 90 days.

A few years ago, when the overburden was being removed from the ore bodies,

there were boom times on the iron range. Merchants and saloonkeepers did a rushing business; there was always an opening on the iron range. Hundreds of men were employed at the various locations. More cubic yards of earth were removed in ten years than there was removed at the Panama Canal.

All this is changed now. Every underground mine that it is possible to close down is standing idle. A tremendous stock pile lies at each shaft head. Stripping operations on the ore bodies are no longer necessary for many years to come.

The petty bourgeoisie saw what was coming. They must protect themselves and the little property that they accumulated. How? Political action. Three or four years ago the Socialist party was actively in the field. Looking back now we can see that it was merely the effort of the little business people feeling their way.

Today the English branch of the party on the iron range is practically dead. Why?

The little merchants found the machine that was adapted to their needs. The Roman Catholic politicians, organized into the Knights of Columbus, had the dope.

The plan was to tax the steel trust to the limit. Secure the support of the working class voters by granting all of the immediate demands enumerated in the municipal program of the Socialist Party.

It worked fine. In nearly every iron range city and village the Roman politician is in power. And they are good fellows. Very seldom do the Socialists have trouble at their street meetings. Often the police keep the drunks and rowdies out of the crowd.

In the city of Eveleth, of about 8,000 population, 17 policemen are on the payroll of the city at \$100 per month at eight hours per day. Street sweepers are on every block. Municipal work is going

full blast; white ways, drinking fountains, water and light plants, public buildings, etc., are under construction. The workers get the eight-hour day and a minimum wage of \$2.50. The municipal pay roll is provided by the steel trust through the taxation route, under protest.

The mining companies put up a long howl this summer when the regular industrial depression struck the range and thousands were out of work, they desired to reduce wages, but the politicians said no, the rate of pay was held at \$2.50 for common labor.

As a result in some of the towns, injunctions were brought against the tax levy. In Eveleth a recall fight was staged. Here was a peculiar political situation. The Roman machine opposing corporate power. A Socialist speaker who rapped the steel trust was accused of selling out to the Catholic politicians; when he rapped the church he was accused of selling out to the steel trust. The recall election resulted in defeat of the Roman mayor and one of his councilmen, and a campaign is now in progress with new candidates in the field and the same old machines on the job.

The above condition holds good in nearly all of the iron country. But it is in Hibbing that the struggle of the small business class is seen at its best in the clash with big capital.

Here in this city all of the business section and a goodly portion of the town are on top of an ore body estimated at seven hundred millions of tons. Anyone holding a title expects some day to hold up the steel trust for a good price for his surface rights.

Here the valuation of mining property runs upwards of eighty millions of dollars. Here the cockroaches expect to collect in this town of ten thousand people \$850,000 in taxes and spend it in putting into effect all of the immediate demands made by the Socialists.

White way upon every street, the finest of schools and public buildings, drinking fountains upon every corner, comfort stations and parks and playgrounds, municipal gas, electric light and water, heating plants and ice plants. Automobile fire departments and sprinkling carts. The pay roll for shoveling snow

in this town last March was \$42,000. The municipal pay roll of Hibbing this summer ran to \$62,000 per month more, it is stated, than the pay roll of the mines operating in that immediate vicinity. One of our speakers in talking to a couple of street sweepers elicited the following: "What do you do?"

"Shovel horse manure into this big can."

"What does that fellow over there do?"

"Oh, he keeps the flies off until I get to it."

And so it goes all for the purpose of keeping the workers supplied with enough money to spend at the stores and to boost the values against the time the mining companies must buy the surface rights.

Let the Socialists take a lesson. Cheap reform issues are a waste of time. The complete surrender of the capitalist class, the organization of one big union, and a working class political party, from now on must be our only aim and object.

In the matter of reform, here the Socialist is outdone.

The condition of the workers in the iron mines is becoming unbearable. Back in 1907 the Western Federation was annihilated. Today there is no economic organization of the workers. The Socialist party is strong only among the Finns, who are the main support of the movement. These people maintain their Socialist locals as an educational and social diversion organization.

Fear of losing the "job" and the intense struggle for existence that is going on, coupled with the fact that the mining companies maintain a complete spy system, and also the paralyzing influence on the worker's mentality of the Catholic Church and other religious organizations, make organization the most difficult task encountered by the Socialist.

One of the largest companies maintains its own police, who are deputized by the sheriff of the county. These are used effectively to nip in the bud the first indication of unrest on the part of workers. One company spends \$20,000 every year for purposes for which no account is rendered, \$15,000 for private police service and a like amount for detective service.

Thus we have the workers duped on the one hand, crushed on the other, and

being led to the shambles for a stab in the back in between.

Yet some of our comrades still insist that the Socialist party should cling to reform as a means of bringing the proletariat to a realization of its condition, its power and its historic mission.

Capitalism is rotten-ripe. The capitalist class is the poison in the body politic. They have accomplished their historic mission. No longer useful or necessary, they are the festering cancer that eats out the vitals of the working class. Cut them out, with them all of the miseries that accompany their rule.

Educate the working class to the principles of Socialism. Begin the organiza-

tion of the only effective weapon of the working class—one big union, rock-bottomed on the class struggle.

Socialism will take away my religion; all right, then, to hell with religion. Socialism will break up my home; all right, the sooner the better. Socialism will abolish the family; I'll take a chance. Socialism will overthrow the state; hurrah, let her go!

As a working man I would sooner take my chance with a Socialist administration going into power next spring at Washington than I would with the conditions this winter under the program of blessed reform that has been put into effect by the Democratic party.



Tenantry and Mortgages in North Dakota

BY O. A. OLAFSON

THE Thirteenth Census, Bulletin on Agriculture, for the year 1910 provides us with some startling figures on Mortgages and Tenantry.

On page six of the North Dakota Bulletin we find that in 1900 68.6 per cent of North Dakota farms were free of mortgage, and in 1910 49.1 per cent of North Dakota farms were free of mortgage, thus showing

a decrease of FREE farms of 19.5 per cent in ten years. The same increase for twenty years would eliminate FREE farms in North Dakota.

Again from the same authority we find that from 1890 to 1910 the average mortgage debt per farm in North Dakota increased from \$902 to \$2,493, or 176.4 per cent.

Also to add to the significance of the above figures, a foot note tells us that all ranchers on government land were listed as farms free from mortgage.

Still further to add to the import of the figures on mortgaged homes, remember that thousands of farmers lived upon homesteads, upon which no mortgage could be placed until final proof.

In commenting upon this state of facts attention is called by the director of the census to the fact that while the mortgages rose so stupendously, that the value of the farms also rose during the same period from \$2,486 to \$11,135, so that the farmers' "EQUITY" in the land had increased in greater percentage than the mortgage debt. This happy coincidence, however, is due to an increase in the market value of the land and to buildings erected upon the land, and the figures given for increase in value through buildings being erected on the land as \$66,848,000, while the increase of the farmers equity in the land, through the increase of land values, is given as \$557,028,000.

Now with reference to the increase of value through buildings we can readily see where that is of some advantage to the farmer, but when it comes to the increase of market value, no possible benefit can accrue to a real farmer, unless it be that he can carry a bigger mortgage, and pay

more interest. The farmer cannot use the "market value" of the farm and at the same time use the farm itself. So that this noble increase in the farmer's "equity" in the land he tills, amounts to nothing whatever, while the debt continually grows by leaps and bounds.

Tenantry according to the same authority has increased in North Dakota from 6.9 per cent in 1890 to 14.3 per cent in 1910. This percentage being of all farms in the state.

But this does not tell the whole story of the robbery of the farmers, for instance, the average farm in 1890 contained 277.4 acres, while in 1910 the average farm contained 382.3 acres. While the director does not give us the figures, we who are familiar with the state and its people know that the increase in the size of the farms comes largely from the foreclosure of mortgages, the neighboring farmer being then employed to rent the land, but not being classed as a tenant, for the reason that he owns part of the land which he farms, thus the figures hide the facts of the growth of tenantry in North Dakota, the banner state for prosperity. While this process is going steadily forward, the friends of the farmer, such as the "Better Farming Associations" under the auspices of Rockefeller and his trusts, and the "Associations of Commerce," "Commercial Clubs," etc., ad



A "HOME" IN NORTH DAKOTA.

nauseam, put on County Fairs, and alleviate the farmers' condition as shown in the illustration.

In the meantime thousands of families in the "bread basket of the world," live in houses like the sod shack shown herewith, while the milling trust cheapens the process by which flour is made from wheat, while they continue to raise the price of flour to

the Consumer, and the Mortgage Sharks and Bankers continue to foreclose their death grip on American farm homes.

If the Socialists are to break up the homes of the farmers they will have to do it quickly or there will be none left for them to break, as the Bankers and Trusts, with their Loan Shark friends will have wrecked the last of the American farm homes.

THREE OF A KIND

BY JAMES MORTON

HE came into the office to buy a copy of Merrie England. He was on his way back to England from South Africa. Obviously a Briton and proud of the fact. Naturally we talked of the war. What did he think of it, we asked.

"The war" had been "forced" upon France and England by the insatiable greed and desire for more territory of the kaiser, he declared. His two brothers had joined the army and he would fight himself, if need be, to protect England from the aggressions of Germany.

"We have to protect our foreign trade," he argued, "or Germany will step in and take it all away from us. We will die fighting against the encroachments of the terrible Huns."

"Yes? It is to be supposed then that you have a business of your own?"

"No, I am a clerk. I am looking for work," he said. "If you are in need of someone to do work of this kind in your office—"

"Just which one of the privileges you possess now is it that you are willing to shoulder a gun to maintain?" we asked. He did not reply.

"What is it that you are afraid you will lose?" we continued.

"Our provinces, our power, our—our—our INDEPENDENCE!" he snapped promptly. "We shall keep up the fight until Germany is wiped off the seas, until the kaiser is beaten to his knees."

"Shucks!" broke in our Socialist office boy. "English foreign trade, 'nd power, 'nd provinces, don't seem to have got you

nuthin'. Look where you get off at *now*. What'd England ever do fer you?"

The Englishman prudently ignored so base an intrusion. He had been inoculated with the virus of Patriotism. Was it worth the effort to try to cure him?

Far up in the northern counties of Michigan, between White Lake and the woodlands, dwells Oscar, the German, upon the farm of Mein Herr Altschuler. When last I saw him he was pretending to cut the grass upon a charming hill that overlooks the lake.

His great scythe smote the long stalks of sparse timothy as gently as the wind. There was no change apparent in the path he had trod from the way he was going. But Oscar made no note of these small things.

He was six feet tall and twenty-two and his heart was not in his work. Of that which was beneath his hat you shall yourself be judge.

He was not loth to have speech with me, or you or anybody who chanced to climb the hill for that matter, and he told me about the Great War. His father had gone and his uncles, in Germany, had gone. He suspected the whole male element of the family was at the front.

He'd just-as-lieve-gos-as-not. In fact, he'd *rather*. Anyway, if he heard from the Old Country he'd HAVE to go.

"What are the Germans fighting for?" I asked.

"I dunno," said Oscar, dully. "'Course we'll have all the other countries after the war," he added.

"Who will?"

"Oh—er—well—the GOVERNMENT." He felt a triumph in his ability to find a reply to that question.

"Are they going to give the land they win from their enemies to the German SOLDIERS?" I asked.

"Did they give your father a piece of Alsace Lorraine because he helped to take that land away from the French in 1870?" I asked.

"No," said Oscar.

"You mean that the German soldiers can have the land they may win from their enemies if they BUY IT?"

"Well—" began Oscar, as he finished his seventeenth pear and began the plum tree. "well—"

"They can buy it NOW IF THEY HAVE MONEY ENOUGH. They can go into France or England or Russia and buy all the land they can PAY for now. And it will be just like that after the war."

But Oscar was not a man to be lightly stirred from a mighty purpose. "I don't care," he insisted, "I go, just the same."

That evening I met Oscar and his friend, the French hotel chef, on their way to the skating rink. Their shoes were very new and they both wore red geraniums in their buttonholes.

"Louis," said Oscar, pointing to his friend. He go to the war, too. He is French."

"Why do you cross the water and travel such a long way before you fight?" asked my friend. "Why not get your guns and fight each other here—on the shore of the lake?"

Oscar looked at Louis and Louis at Oscar. Their broad shoulders were shaking with merriment. How could a man make answer to so absurd a query?

"What on earth," began my friend with the fervor of the born propagandist, "do you want to fight about?" (He had not yet begun to realize the material he was working with.)

"The kaiser—" began Oscar. "Libertee!" said Louis.

"Good heavens," said my friend, settling himself to make an end of the folly, "fight if you MUST, fight if you WANT to, but for goodness' sake, fight FOR something for YOURSELVES."

"If you like using a gun or a sword and you are *bent* on fighting, why don't you band together and HOLD UP the railroad paymaster some night when he is making out the payroll?"

"Why don't you get a dark lantern and relieve your boss of some of your hard-earned dollars when he crosses the bridge on his way to the bank some day? Why don't you put *all* bosses to work and take a share in the returns?"

"It wouldn't be any worse to kill your BOSS than it would to shoot Oscar or Louis or to be killed yourself, and you MIGHT *get something* out of the fight."

Oscar looked fearful; Louis shook his head.

"No," they said, with resigned finality. "No. We MIGHT be ARRESTED!"

I turned my head away. I could hear tears in the voice of my friend. There are tears everywhere. I am weary of them. Even the newspapers are wet today.

For me, I am not a Christian. I will be no martyr for the czar, the kaiser or the king. I will not fight for their honor and for their power. Neither will I weep away the days for Oscar and for Louis.

Let every man stand upon his own head if he so will it.

Perhaps it will be just as well that the Three Men in the same Boat fight each other. You cannot stop them. My friend, who has still the tears in his voice—he cannot stop them. I cannot stop them.

But I shall not weep. I shall laugh at the Great Comedy and I shall wish that good luck attend them—Oscar, Louis and the Englishman. Then at least they cannot multiply and replenish the earth with a score of little Louis and small Oscars with very crowded shoes and nothing at all beneath their hats.

WHEN WE GO TO WAR

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

AND now, while we are on the subject, what are we going to do when the United States goes to war?

While we are pitying the plight of European Socialists, isn't it about time to consider our own situation?

Already our war lords are beginning to beat their tom-toms. Theodore Roosevelt has come out with a demand for increased armaments. Gen. Leonard Wood has issued a statement declaring that the United States army must be strengthened at once. Our army and navy leagues are busy with schemes to obtain more and larger appropriations from Congress. The war fever, one of the most dangerous and infectious of diseases, is in the air and is making itself felt in America as well as abroad.

There are no threatening foreign complications immediately in view, but it cannot be said that our horizon is entirely clear of war clouds. We have just missed a nasty mess in Mexico and even yet our skirts are not entirely clear of danger there.

Europe seems to hold no menace for us at present, since Germany, the principal trade rival of the United States, is threatened with serious economic injury as a result of the present war. It is probable that the unmistakable sympathy of the American people with the allies is due to a fear that if Germany is victorious in this conflict, our capitalists will be urging us into a war with her next.

But on our Pacific Coast side the atmosphere is full of foreboding. In public most of our Washington politicians speak optimistically, but in private they freely predict a war with Japan in the next few years. Only a few days ago Representative Mann of Illinois, Republican leader in the House, spoke right out in meeting, told of the clash of commercial interests in the Orient, and declared that the time is coming when "we" shall have to meet China and Japan in mortal combat. There was no one to say him nay, because it was generally felt, at the time that the United States embarked on the sea of imperialism and assumed con-

trol of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippine Islands, that the American people were laying up trouble for themselves in the Pacific.

That the United States means to dominate the Pacific ocean is plain. That Japan has a like ambition is equally plain. Sooner or later our capitalists will begin to feel the pinch of Japanese competition and will demand that it be destroyed.

Aside from the clash of commercial interests, there is another source of future trouble in the question of Oriental immigration which threatened to come to a head in California a year ago. That question has never been settled; it has been merely laid aside for the time being. That it will crop up again is inevitable.

The pressure of Japan's surplus population is yearly becoming more terrible. She is compelled to find an outlet for her would-be emigrants somewhere. If she does not, she will be constantly beset by internal disturbances that will threaten the security of her ruling class.

No other country so nearly meets the needs and desires of the Japanese emigrant as the United States. Its climate is agreeable, its land is fertile, its wages are so high that he cannot only gain a comfortable living but can send back to his poverty-stricken relatives at home a substantial monthly remittance. His country needs these remittances and is determined that he shall have an opportunity to earn them. Despite laws and international agreements the seeping stream of Orientals is bound to flow our way. Our politicians so far have found means to dodge the issue. But sooner or later they will find that to make their restrictive laws air-tight, they must discriminate specifically against the Japanese. Sensitive Japanese feelings will regard this as the crowning Yankee insult. The result will be war. Shall American Socialists oppose this war or consent to it by maintaining silence. The time to decide is now. The European war is no longer our concern. But what about ourselves?



EDITORIAL

Paradise Lost.—For many years previous to the great war Belgium was known as the paradise of capitalists. They ruled without question over millions of efficient workers—efficient yet effectually enslaved. Wages were lower than in any other highly developed capitalist country; profits were immense. What capitalist could ask more? Let us moderate our tears over Belgium by reflecting that the losses of the war fall almost wholly on its ruling class. Capitalists of other countries are feeding the Belgian workers, who are doubtless in many cases enjoying the first vacation they have ever known. And we venture the prediction that after the battle smoke clears the conditions for Belgian workers will never again be quite so bad as they were.

The Collapse of the Profit System.—It is the governments of Europe that wield the physical power of the nations. These governments now are in a death-grapple. Their very existence is at stake. In times of peace it has been perfectly true, as Socialists never weary of pointing out, that the governments are merely the managing committees of the capitalists. But now in war time the rich man, all-powerful yesterday, becomes a cipher. He is not even consulted as to the use to be made of "his" property. In most of the warring nations there is a "moratorium." This means that the governments refuse for the time being to collect the capitalists' debts for them. The working people of Paris are paying no rent for their lodg-

ings, and the landlords dare not protest. The railroads in England are for the most part the private property of capitalists, just as in America, but the British government is operating the roads in exactly the way the military authorities think necessary, without the least regard to the "owners." Production for profit in Europe is virtually at a standstill, but the working population is not starving. The capitalists of each nation know that if they were to allow "their" workers to starve, their own ruin would be swift.

All for One, One for All.—This is the time-honored watchword of the French Socialists, and military necessity has made it the watchword of capitalists and workers alike inside each warring nation. We as Socialists regret that our comrades have forgotten the class struggle in the national struggle. We believe that wiser tactics on their part might have changed the course of events, might even have averted the war. But the past is gone and the future is bright. Most of the capitalists, not only in Belgium but also in Germany and France, will be bankrupt if the war lasts another year, as it probably will. But agriculture and industry must go on, no matter what the changes in the map. If the capitalists are no longer able to direct this work, and the unions are not yet strong enough to assume it, then inevitably the governments will step in and take charge. Europe is taking the leap into state capitalism. Its example can not fail to have a profound influence in shaping the development of America.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The inside view is the important one. On that depends our notion of the outcome. For the moment the men on the firing-line seem all important. But in the long run the contest is decided by the balance of people and resources. And the big result, the effect on society and

War has rolled away, depends on
From the how the average human be-
Inside. ing behind the lines is feel-
ing and thinking. The sum

total of human experience during the fight and the resultant sum total of human thinking after the fight are the important things.

How do ordinary Germans and French feel about things? What is going on at home? Is it true, as some German Socialists said, that the class-struggle has been suspended by the national struggle? Curiously enough these questions have not even been asked. And by this time there is a good deal of matter on hand of the sort that will be eventually used in answering them.

Here is part of a letter from a Hamburg Socialist. It is translated from Hamburger Echo: "Hardly is our food devoured," he writes, when the command is given: 'Prepare to march.' The English are six kilometers distant. Tired and discouraged we drag ourselves out. It has

The grown dark. We wind
Hero through narrow streets and
as He finally come out on a stub-
Is ble-field. 'Lie down!' We
lie on the wet ground. Slowly

the hours pass. Alternately we lie and kneel. The drizzling rain wets us to the skin. We all get up; nobody can endure lying in the mud. One soldier ahead of me gets scared. I am overcome by sleep and fall over backward, and am hardly able to rise. It is the fourth night without any sleep. At last morning dawns. Now and then the thunder of cannon sounds through the still air. At break of day we go back into quarters. At last rest till further orders. Like the dead

we sleep wherever there is room to fall

"In the church two hundred people are huddled together—men women and children. Many of the children are small, swathed in clothes and held by the women. A picture of misery. I enter at night. Here and there one of the little ones cry. It is heartrending.

"When I see children's toys in the houses I can hardly restrain myself from crying out. The other day I saw a little tricycle and wept. War is terrible. A good deal of it cannot be described.

"I hope there will be no more street fighting. I would rather meet troops in the open. That is something like honest fighting."

A companion picture is presented by this letter from a wife to her husband who is at the front. "I cannot think," she writes, "that it is God's will that you should shoot all those people."

In Germany the really serious question has little to do with the effectiveness of "Busy Bertha." The whole people are fighting, and the thing that matters is the supply of food. There are fifty million tons in Germany. Will this quantity last through the winter? Huge quantities are

Potatoes used every year for the man-
vs. ufacture of brandy, for the
feeding of cattle, etc. Many

Projectiles tons are sure to decay. More
than a tenth of the crop
must be preserved for seed. But this year grain is so scarce that many people will have little but potatoes to eat. A professor of economics has figured out that if the common people are thrifty the supply can be made to last the winter through. But they must be willing to dry the potatoes and make bread of them. They must not waste a single precious potato peel.

But there is no cloud without its lining. "The German working class have

War and grown fat and proud," says
Virtue one priest, "this war will bring them back to our ancestral virtues of modesty and thrift."

He was talking about the wages demanded by servant girls when he says this. They have been demanding as much as five or six marks a week. This is manifestly wicked. During the war they will get out of the habit of making such outrageous demands. The war is God's method of reviving virtue.

Twice the Berlin Vorwaerts has been suppressed by the military government of Berlin. When it made its last reappearance, on October 1, it bore on its front page a signed order from the general in command. According to this order it

The War and the Class-Struggle

was resuming publication with the express understanding that no mention was to be made of "class hatred or class conflict" until the end of the war. I take it that the editors have been trying to live up to their agreement. But they have not succeeded. They cannot succeed. Any newspaper trying to give working class news cannot suppress the fact that the old struggle between workers and employers is going on under all sorts of new and old forms. Hours of labor, wages, administration of relief laws—these and many other matters are constantly giving rise to sharp differences of opinion and policy.

No doubt the government is really interested in keeping the poor contented. Never before was there such attention given to the demands of labor. Germany has not gone quite so far as England. There are no maximum food prices in Germany although the prices have risen enormously. But there is an honest attempt to relieve poverty and reduce unemployment. In spite of

Wonderful Interest in the Workers

the removal from the labor market of the millions now at the front there are hundreds of thousands out of work in every important industrial center of France, England and Germany. In dealing with this situation the Germans seem to be in the lead. The Imperial government and the individual states and communities are undertaking public works. The military government has ordered that wherever possible concerns doing work for the army and navy introduce a shortened work day. Preference is to be given to those who are dependent or have families dependent on them.

For the relief of distress public soup kitchens have been opened in many places. Regular support is given to the families of soldiers by the Imperial government. The poor who have no relatives in the army are supported by the communities or by private charity. It is quite possible that some sections of the population are better looked after now than they have been under normal conditions. Certainly the government was never before so solicitous.

But capitalism is only disguised. We read, for example, that the official orders with regard to the shortening of the work-day are frequently evaded. And often employers attempt to force wages below the union standard which prevailed before the outbreak of hostilities. Here is where the unions come in. Their efforts

The Cloven Hoof of Capitalism

are sadly limited. The millions of money which they possess are invested in such a way that they cannot get hold of them. If, with the small sums in hand, they begin to relieve the distress of their members, the government immediately ceases to support the persons thus relieved. For the present they have foregone the privilege of striking. Therefore they carry on wage struggles under great disadvantages. Their weapon is publicity. When an employer reduces wages they hold him up to contempt as an enemy of the fatherland. All in all, they are making a heroic attempt to maintain union conditions.

All this is gleaned from papers and magazines under strict censorship. The whole truth will not be known to us before the war is over.

Outside of England, so far as I can discover, there is no anti-war agitation in any of the warring lands. The German Socialists are holding large meetings. They are given over to the discussion of ways and means to make life tolerable. But I notice that the leaders often feel obliged to defend their action in voting for the war budget. And when the humble comrades of the rank and file open their Vorwaerts they see prominently displayed lists of their brothers slain at the front and advertisements of mourning garments at reduced prices. Somehow those ponderous anti-Russian arguments sound more and more futile as time goes on.

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The Socialist party of Holland has formally asked that the International Bureau be re-established in their country. This request is viewed with favor

The International in England and will probably be granted. Let us have the Bureau in operation again at the earliest possible moment.

The first international meeting of Socialists since the beginning of the war took place at Lugano on October 25. There were in attendance official representatives of the Swiss and Italian parties. The following resolution was adopted: The undersigned representatives of the Socialist parties of Italy and Switzerland regard it as their duty to oppose with their utmost resources the extension of the war to other lands and to brand every attempt to involve other nations as a crime against the working class and civilization.

On this account they address themselves to the Socialist parties of other countries. At the same time that they are attempting to bring about among the nations not yet involved a unified campaign against the carrying on of this terrible slaughter, they ask the Socialist parties of neutral countries to demand of their governments the opening of diplomatic negotiations looking to the early termination of this international murder.

Roumania is more in danger of being dragged into the war than any other country not yet involved. The Socialists of this little nation are fighting desperately

The Socialists of Roumania to maintain national neutrality. The executive committee of the party is working in every way possible to influence public opinion against certain financial interests which are trying to draw the Roumanians into the struggle on the side of Russia. Our comrades are mobbed and denounced. But they are sticking manfully to their posts. They deserve to have their names placed beside those of the Russians, Italians and English who have done their full duty.

Early in September occurred an election to the parliament. The result is what is generally described as "glorious victory for labor." That is, the Labor Party now has a large majority in both houses. In the House of Representatives

"Labor" has 41 members to 33 representing the "Fusion" of the old parties. In the Senate the majority is 31 to 5.

Of course, REVIEW readers do not need to be told that this is merely a victory for liberalism. The Labor Party has been in large part responsible for the present phase of Australian militarism, and for the compulsory arbitration act applying to labor disputes. In more than one instance its ministers have used the powers against the workers.

Nevertheless this party got the unparalleled support of organized labor in this election. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that the European war forced a new issue upon the Australian parties. The old parties went into the campaign with the plea that only a business administration could be trusted to steer Australia through the troubled times which were brought on by the war crisis. The Laborites, at least in their declarations, met this issue fairly. Mr. Fisher said: "The Labor government will introduce a scheme of public works framed according to the funds available for the purpose of relieving the unemployed." On this issue the election was won by "Labor." It remains to be seen how much the pre-election promises mean. At least the majority of Australian workers will have to wait and see. The Socialists can make a good guess at the present time.

Significant for the whole world was the great Socialist victory in Sweden. It took place long enough after the beginning of the war so that the effect of the great massacre may be supposed to have had whatever effect it ever will have on the movement outside the countries immediately involved. The result was unparalleled. The Socialists at the present moment come nearer to controlling the government of Sweden than they

Swedish Socialists and the Government ever did to controlling the government of any considerable area. The lower house chamber of the Swedish parliament contains 87 Socialists, 86 Conservatives, and 45 Liberals; the upper chamber contains 88 Conservatives, 48 Liberals, and 14 Socialists. But in Sweden the two cham-

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bers sit as one whenever there is a failure to agree. This means that in the case of a vote on any important matter the Conservatives will have 174 votes, the Liberals 93, and the Socialists 101.

After the election some of the most influential Liberals demanded that the Socialists, having the majority in the lower house, form a cabinet. The party press declared its opposition to this proposal. The executive committee of the party has declared itself in favor of some sort of working agreement with the Liberals. The whole matter is to be laid before the approaching party congress.

Industrialism in Australia.—Comrade Lane of Brisbane writes us that four big sections of industry in Australia have all come under the banner of Industrial Unionism. The Waterside workers are now in one body. The A. W. A. has amalgamated with the A. workers' union—the largest in Australia. Rural workers' union, carriers, timber workers, stonemen and packers, likewise. So you see the spirit of One Big Union is abroad. A law was passed there to smash the unions making it a penal offense to strike and we do not have the general ballot. However, they cannot enforce the strike law. A big strike of the A. W. A. has been in progress a month and none of the strikers have been arrested. Perhaps you would call these men criminals since they are breaking the law, but they have no other way of fight and the fighting spirit here is not yet dead. The REVIEW is indeed appreciated here.

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of the REVIEW and offer copies to your friends, neighbors and shop-mates. Hundreds of comrades are already doing this, and find it easy to sell copies at 10c each. They cost you only 5c each in lots of 20 or more, so that if you sell even half you get your money back. If you can not use 20 of one issue we will for \$1.00 send you 10 copies 2 months or 5 copies 4 months. Postage to Canada 1c per copy extra, to other foreign countries 2c extra. Fill out this blank today.

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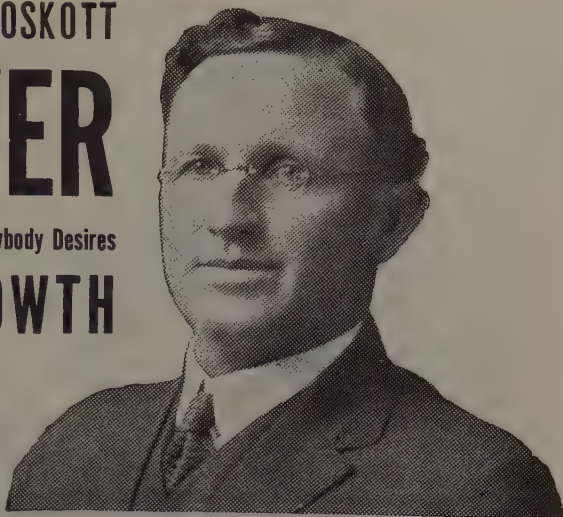
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"After being bald 20 years, my head is mostly covered with new hair; am well pleased with Koskott." Geo. Van Wyck, Union Co., N. J.

"The baldness on my head has entirely disappeared, being covered with hair, by use of Koskott." Prof. C. E. Bowman, Maryland.

"For growing hair and making it beautiful, there is nothing like Koskott for my hair is now a surprise to all my friends. I am telling everybody of your wonderful hair grower." Mrs. W. Rabiger, Alleghany Co., Pa.

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"One sample box and one full box of Koskott have grown hair on my head where I was perfectly bald." A. W. Bowser, Butler Co., Pa.

"I was bald and never could find anything to bring the hair back until I used Koskott." Esther Arnett, Wallace Co., Ky.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



MEMBERS OF BROKEN HILL BRANCH, AUSTRALIAN SOCIALIST PARTY
AND I. W. W. MEN WHO HELPED DEFEND THE SOCIALIST HALL.

Jingoism in Australia—Broken Hill is supposed to be the most democratic center in Australia. If it is, writes Comrade O'Leary, then may the Gods have mercy on the rest. They have had a bad time in Broken Hill. The socialists hooted the war-mad workers who had entrained to "go to the front" and the jingoists turned upon them. The Reds were few in number and the mob tried to spend its strength in destroying the socialist headquarters. The doorway was forced open and the mob surged inside. The comrades met them valiantly with chairs and bottles, putting the enemy to rout. The patriotic mob urged the attackers on again and they renewed the assault but were again repulsed. The mob resorted to bombardment and hurled bricks and pieces of pavement through the windows. The electric lights were turned off by us, writes Comrade O'Leary, and one comrade menaced the patriots with a live wire, news of which was bruited about in the crowd, which lost some of its pugnacity. A huge crowd threatened our back room but we barricaded the door and the hallway. At length the police came to our rescue, planning to hand us over to the mob as soon as we submitted ourselves to their tender mercies. Early

in the morning, after seven hours of battle, most of us managed to get out and home. Others remained to protect the hall and the library. Several of our assailants were lumbered off to Hospital Hill but none of our boys got so much as a scratch. The Labor Party is in control here but it is just so much plastic matter in the hands of the different departments of state. The comrades are all very grateful for the help given us by the I. W. W., both in the fight and elsewhere. Their local here is a good sturdy one. Twenty thousand have gone to the war from Australia and 20,000 more will soon be on their way.

Comrade Sinclair also writes from Australia, saying that the year has been one of unprecedented drought. Thousands are out of work. He lives in the district that produces the world's best wool. In spite of the cries of patriotism in the newspapers, Mr. Sinclair says, the wheat speculators were sending wheat to Germany and holding up prices till the Labor Government confiscated 140,000 bags of wheat, paying just \$1.00 a bushel for it and fixing the price at that point. He says the soldiers are not very keen for war and believes that the Labor Government will put such a heavy tax on large estates that they will have to be cut

up. Either the drought or the war would have meant disaster to Australia, but Comrade Sinclair says that with both, conditions are unprintable.

Minnesota News.—Comrade T. E. Latimer, former state secretary of the Socialist party of Minnesota, has resigned to join the faculty of the Finnish Work People's College, at Smithville. Comrade Fred Miller has been elected state secretary. Our friends in Minnesota write that he is a real Marxian Socialist, and will do great work for the cause in his new position. Tom Lewis is going back to Local Portland as organizer about Nov. 15th. You can't get Tom off the firing line.

Good News From Washington.—Readers of the REVIEW will be glad to learn that Comrade Katterfield, formerly in charge of the National Party Lyceum Bureau in Chicago, has been elected state secretary of Washington, the old Marxian Socialists having outvoted their opponents by a large working class majority. Comrade Kate Sadler was elected National Committeeman from Washington and thus received the best kind of an endorsement from the state. Comrade Franz Bostrom, former state secretary, who refused to run for the office again on the plea that a comrade who had taken no part in state party affairs for some time would prove a more effective servant to the party welfare, has opened a book shop in Everett, Washington. We believe his place will prove a rendezvous for all the awakening workers in that vicinity. It is inspiring to know that good old Washington is to have the services of three such capable and loyal comrades for some time to come.

Victory for Charles Cline.—We are very glad to announce that the jury at San Antonio failed to bring in a verdict against Charles Cline, who is on trial in that city. The jury was out for 59 hours. Comrade Cline will have a new trial and our hopes are that he will have a jury next time unbiased enough to acquit him.

FROM REVIEW READERS.

Berkeley, California.—"I have just finished reading Comrade Harry Uswald's article in the November REVIEW on 'Militarism and Socialism' and it is much the best explanation I have yet read on the subject. If you did not send him a check for \$100, you did not give him what it is worth, and if REVIEW readers have not sent in \$200 for extra copies, they are not doing the right thing by the REVIEW."

"Frank Bohn's article on 'Fighting Weapons' is clear and revolutionary and contains just what the worker ought to understand."

"The REVIEW still holds its place in my opinion as being the most valuable among the Socialist periodicals in America. Its position is clear and its aim is revolutionary. It stands for the right kind of action on both the political and economic field. I feel under obligations myself to spread the November issue of the REVIEW and therefore want you to send me 100 copies by return mail."—F. R., Berkeley, Calif.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina."



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Says St. Peter to the Devil: "I've Got a Full House"

If you want to know what the Devil says to St. Peter you will find it in The Masses for December with John Sloan's sensational illustration.

Amos Pinchot tells inside hot stuff about "the failure of the Progressive Party."

Art Young has a wonderfully striking picture.

Artist Becker has a drawing on the war situation which will make 'em THINK.

Max Eastman has written on "Christmas and the War," and Roger W. Babson, famous writer on financial affairs, has a remarkable article giving a plan for international peace

It's a GREAT issue from cover to cover.

Last year's Christmas number of The Masses was so warm it's selling yet. This issue, for sale now, is HOT. Send for six months' subscription, only fifty cents; \$1.00 a year.

Subscription and bundle agents wanted on a good proposition.

THE MASSES

87 Greenwich Avenue . . . New York

From Middleton, Ohio.—"Sold all of our REVIEWS last night. Please rush 25 more copies by express."—Walter McGee.

From Portland, Oregon.—"Enclosed find money order for \$5.00 for 100 copies of the November REVIEW. Last month's REVIEW was a hummer. It made a great hit with the fellow workers. Had no trouble at all in selling out."—F. C.

Minneapolis Against Compromise.—WHEREAS, in view of the total failure of the Socialist political parties in Germany, France, Belgium and England to represent the interests of the working class in the present crisis;

WHEREAS, it is patent that this failure is largely due to the fact that in playing the political game the class struggle was lost sight of, and the historic mission of the working class to overthrow capitalism was entirely forgotten;

WHEREAS, any remedial legislation which may be obtained by the working class of a nation acting as a political party has but the tendency to lull into a false security the workers of that nation;

AND WHEREAS, the maintenance by a revolutionary political party of the working class of a program of immediate demands is, in our opinion, unscientific, and in view of recent developments in the working class movement in Europe, even very disastrous;

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That it is the sense of Local Minneapolis that the Socialist party of the United States should be a party strictly in opposition to capitalism, and confine its efforts largely to capturing administrative and executive offices to the end that the club of the policemen may be kept off the head and the bayonet of the soldier from the breast of the striker; that it is not the enactment of more laws, but the enforcement of existing ones by class conscious working men in the interest of their class that is needed most.

Be It Farther Resolved, That it is the sense of Local Minneapolis that under no circumstances should a Socialist holding a legislative office vote for the maintenance of any kind of militia, army, or navy for any purpose whatsoever, including national defense; and that it is the duty of the Socialist party of the United States to organize, in a definite and certain way, the working class of this country to resist all wars, except the class war, that when capitalism in this country declares war, as it shall some time, the working class will be in the position to declare the revolution.

The secretary is hereby instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the *American Socialist*, *The Masses*, *The New Review*, and the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.—Local Minneapolis of the Socialist Party, B. M. Gordon, Secretary.

From an Internationalist.—"I want to congratulate you on the October number of the REVIEW. For clear, solid Socialist matter it can not be beat. Comrade Marcy's editorial was very timely in view of the fact that so many of our leading lights in the Socialist movement have been writing on the slaughter

in Europe from a national standpoint instead of an international working class standpoint. Yours for the Revolution."—Comrade Bogatin, Ohio.

From Tennessee.—"I am pleased with the REVIEW and appreciate the work of those on the staff. I wish I could do more both for the REVIEW and the Appeal—they are the old stand-bys of the Socialist movement."—Henry Flury.

From a Florida Comrade.—"I fear you will be severely criticised because of Uswald's article in the November issue, so I take this opportunity to thank you for giving us this much needed truthful statement from a genuine Socialist."—A. F. J.

From Wisconsin.—"Enclosed find \$2.00 for two yearly subs. Will try to land more subscriptions, as no intelligent Socialist can afford to do without the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW."—J. H.

From Portland, Oregon.—"Please send 50 November REVIEWS. This is an increase of 20 on the monthly bundle, and by the looks of things it will be increased all the time from now on, but it has been one hell of a struggle to hold the fort."—T. B.

From Philadelphia, Pa.—"The November REVIEW contains the best articles since the Sinclair Study Course. I refer to Comrade Harry Uswald's article on 'Militarism and Socialism.'"—O. B. M.

From a Socialist Secretary.—"I would not miss one issue of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for the price of a year's subscription. It is to the REVIEW I owe my conversion to the cause as it put me clear on many issues that were cloudy. I am yours for the Revolution."—Melvin Nicholson, Byesville, Ohio.

From a Kansas Reader.—"Your magazine is an eye-opener and should be read by all who wish to understand revolutionary socialism."—L. L. R.

From Massachusetts.—"Your Anti-War Posters are 'hot stuff.' We put them on heavy red cardboard and use them at our meetings. Please send 50 November REVIEWS. We sold 19 copies of the October issue at our last meeting."—T. F. M.

Socialist Activity in Canada.—*Cotton's Weekly*, which for several years has been a live Socialist propaganda paper at Cowansville, Quebec, has now become the property of the Social Democratic Party of Canada. A. W. Mance, whom old-time Socialists in Chicago will remember as a former editor of the old *Worker's Call*, has been chosen manager. He reports that the paper has now a circulation of nearly 20,000 and that in spite of the war and hard times he expects to double it in a year. Canadian readers of the REVIEW should send 50 cents for a year's subscription to Comrade Mance and help to double their field of activity. The Social Democratic Party of Canada now has a membership of over 4,000, with 175 locals, and growing fast.

FARMS WANTED. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 30 Palace bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



The New Ditch Diggers.—Comrade James Cole of Indiana sends in an order for the REVIEW with the photograph showing himself, two other workers and a boy operating a steam dipper. Comrade Cole says this dipper complete cost the owner \$3,000. It is run by a 20-hp. gasoline engine. It removes a load every 30 seconds. Using this machine three men and one boy perform the work of 50 teams and 100 men and do it better. Today the bosses get all the profit through laying off men and using machinery instead. In the

good days a-coming the world's work will be done by machinery used and owned by the working class for the BENEFIT of the worker. Nobody will have to work more than two or three hours a day and all the good things of life will be ours to enjoy.

From Tacoma.—"Enclosed find a dollar for renewal. The REVIEW made me Red and will do the same with any other dubb after a few doses. I could no more do without the REVIEW than I could do without talking Socialism to a dubb. Keep it RED, as we are already swamped with sloppy papers."



\$3000 FOR YOU

That's the money you should get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No experience needed. My Folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals \$100 bath room. Now listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. I KNOW IT!

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That's what you should get—every month.



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Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Look at these men—Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Meyers, Wis., \$250 profit first month; Newton, California, \$60 in three days. You should do as well. 2 SALES A DAY MEANS \$300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.

Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick. SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

H. S. ROBINSON, President,

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From the Review Rebels.—915 new readers were rounded up and sent in during the past twenty days. There are only 42 more days this year and we want every REVIEW reader to get on the job with the SPECIAL OFFER of the REVIEW three months to new readers for 10 cents. Get in one or two good punches for Revolutionary Socialism before the old year dies. This offer will positively be withdrawn on December 31.

Appelo, Deep River, Wash.....	11
Swope, Toledo, Wash.....	10
Luetzel, Marshall, Mo.....	10
Varkin, Tenino, Wash.....	10
Piles, Bellingham, Wash.....	10
Smith, Camden, N. J.....	11
Tison, Dry Prong, La.....	10
Saeks, Akeley, Minn.....	22
Stokes, Stamford, Conn.....	10
Miller, Jerome, Ariz.....	28
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Benson, Stroud, Okla.....	16
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McFarlin, New York, N. Y.....	10
Mahoney, Vallejo, Cal.....	17
Hurd, Simpson, Nev.....	21
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Brockway, Sumas, Wash.....	10
Steinmann, Goldfield, Nev.....	12
Faxon, Wellington, Ohio.....	10
Boylund, Darby, Mont.....	27
Flaig, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	11
Bar, No. McGregor, Iowa.....	10
Slutter, Sioux City, Iowa.....	10
Pietila, Ilwaco, Wash.....	10
Johnson, Daly City, Cal.....	10
Copeland, Schenectady, N. Y.....	20
Rosen, Davenport, Iowa.....	11
Martin, Bangor, Wash.....	14
Moses, Nevis, Minn.....	11
Simison, Hawley, Minn.....	10
Hudak, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10
Brooks, Algona, Wash.....	10
Cuplin, Nordhoff, Cal.....	10
Battelson, Tacoma, Wash.....	11
Fahey, Buffalo, N. Y.....	14
Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.....	10
Weeks, Bolton, La.....	10

Derinsky, Cobleskill, N. Y.....	22
Blacer, Coulterville, Cal.....	12
McMahon, Hancey, Okla.....	10
Connery, Kewanee, Ill.....	16
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List, Boston, Mass.....	10
Bailey, Elyria, Ohio.....	26
Madler, Hartford, Conn.....	10
Choha, Carbondale, Pa.....	10
Noegel, Live Oak, Cal.....	20
Taipole, Kirkland, Wash.....	10
Hunter, Tacoma, Wash.....	10
Skidmore, Judsonia, Ark.....	10
Randall, Blanchard, Okla.....	10
Mateoja, Sointula, B. C., Can.....	12
Maloney, Hibbing, Minn.....	10
Koblik, San Francisco, Cal.....	10
Summers, Peoria, Okla.....	12
Earlywine, Ashtabula, Ohio.....	10
Fields, Seattle, Wash.....	10
Tvas, Belleville, Ill.....	40
Dailey, Paxton, Ind.....	10
Johnson, Daly City, Cal.....	10
Gillespie, Oklahoma City, Okla.....	10
Beck, Nome, Alaska.....	14
Kidwell, Jackson, Mich.....	12
Goldsby, Memphis, Tenn.....	10
Younans, Minot, N. D.....	36

Election Returns.—Meyer London from the 12th Congressional District, New York City, has been elected to the United States Congress.

Oklahoma, Minnesota, Montana and Wisconsin elected one State Senator each. Twenty-six State Representatives were elected in ten states.

Pennsylvania returned James H. Maurer to the State Legislature, and in Massachusetts Comrade Charles H. Morrill was re-elected for his sixth term. In Illinois, Madsen and Mason were re-elected and Stedman and Harris were defeated.

In Milwaukee the Social Democrats captured the Sheriff's office, also that of County District Attorney. All of the old parties had tickets in the field. Berger and Gaylord also ran.

The Socialists in Butte were defeated by the copper companies and the Catholic vote.

In Oklahoma the Socialists made a net gain of 11,116 votes and elected five State Representatives. The comrades have been doing real organization work for the past year.

Free Course in American Pitmanic Shorthand

We have made arrangements with a Pitmanic School of Shorthand that will enable us to offer their \$5.00 Course in Shorthand FREE to every comrade who will send us \$3.00 for THREE yearly subscriptions to the International Socialist Review.

The Course consists of over 30 lessons and their leather bound shorthand manual. And the regular charge made for it by the School's Course at Home is \$8.00.

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Send in \$3.00 for the three Review subscriptions or three subscriptions cards and we will forward the Home Course at once. Address

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

We Must Raise a War Fund

THE war has for the time being played havoc with the Socialist book business. The comrades who usually buy books are in many cases out of work and unable to buy. Non-Socialists who used to buy books when they felt like it are too busy reading war news. Our sales are cut in two and our expenses keep right on. When the war is over, there will without doubt be a boom in Socialist literature, but how are we going to run meanwhile?

We have on hand books which at our wholesale prices would sell for at least thirty thousand dollars. We have paid all bills as fast as they came due, and our reduced receipts for the remaining weeks of 1914 will come within about \$500 of paying all bills that will mature this year. But we owe about \$500 more to comrades who will need the money soon, besides \$4,500 to comrades who are willing to leave it with us for the present.

We, therefore, need to borrow \$1,000 more. We can pay four per cent if it is understood that we have thirty days' notice before the money is recalled, or if money is lent us without interest we will return it whenever it is needed. If you have any sum from \$10.00 to \$1,000 that you do not need to use just now but will need later, let us hear from you right away; now is the time the help is needed.

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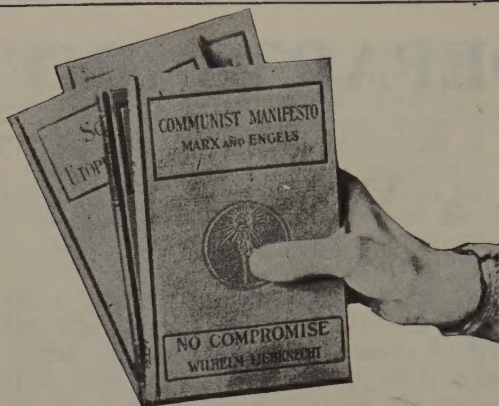
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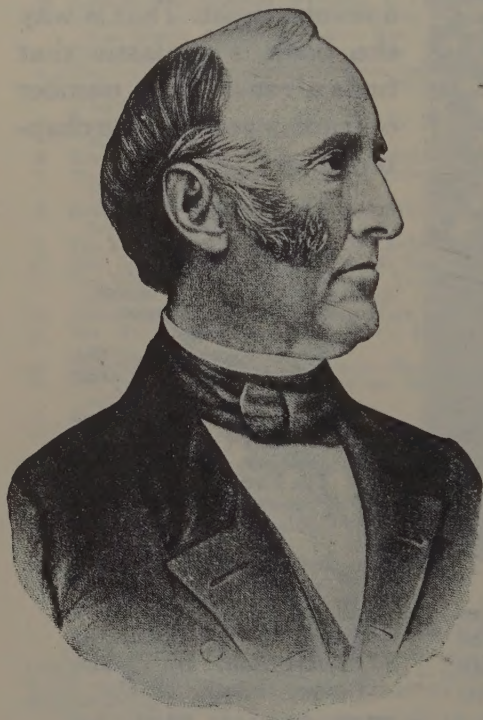
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